VIVIAN GREY.

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

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VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE green and bowery Summer had passed away. It was midnight when two horsemen pulled up their steeds beneath a wide oak; which, with other lofty trees, skirted the side of a winding road in an extensive forest in the south of Germany.

"By heavens!" said one, who apparently was the master—"we must even lay our cloaks I think under this oak; for the road winds again, and assuredly cannot lead now to our village."

"A starlit sky in Autumn, can scarcely be the fittest curtain for one so weak as your High-

ness. I should recommend travelling on, if we keep on our horses' backs till dawn."

"But if we are travelling in a directly contrary way to our voiturier—honest as we may suppose him to be, if he find in the morning no paymaster for his job, he may with justice make free with our baggage. And I shall be unusually mistaken if the road we are now pursuing does not lead back to the city."

"City, town, or village, your Highness must sleep under no forest tree. Let us ride on. It will be hard if we do not find some huntsman's or ranger's cottage; and for aught we know a neat snug village—or some comfortable old manor-house, which has been in the family for two centuries; and where, with God's blessing, they may chance to have wine as old as the bricks. I know not how your Highness may feel, but a ten hours' ride when I was only prepared for half the time, and that too in an Autumn night, makes me somewhat desirous of renewing my acquaintance with the kitchen-fire."

"I could join you in a glass of hock and a

slice of venison, I confess, my good fellow; but in a nocturnal ride I am no longer your match. However, if you think it best, we'll prick on our steeds for another hour. If it be only for them, I'm sure we must soon stop."

"Ay! do, Sir; and put your cloak well round you—all is for the best. Your Highness, I guess, is no Sabbath-born child?"

"That am I not—but how would that make our plight worse than it is? Should we be farther off supper?"

"Nearer—nearer, perhaps, than you imagine; for we should then have a chance of sharing the spoils of the Spirit Hunter."

"Ah! Essper, is it so?"

"Truly, yes, Sir; and were either of us a Sabbath-born child, by holy cross! I would not give much for our chance of a down bed this night."

Here a great horned owl flew across the road.

"Were I in the north," said Essper, "I would sing an Ave Mary against the STUT OZEL."

"What call you that?" asked Vivian.

" 'Tis the great bird, Sir; the great horned owl, that always flies before the Wild Hunter. And truly, Sir, I have passed through many forests in my time, but never yet saw I one where I should sooner expect to hear a midnight bugle. If you'll allow me, Sir, I'll ride by your side. Thank God, at least, it's not the Walpurgis night!"

"I wish to Heaven it were!" said Vivian, "and that we were on the Brocken. It must be highly amusing!"

"Hush! hush! hush! it's lucky we're not in the Hartz—but we know not where we are, nor who at this moment may be behind us."

And here Essper began pouring forth a liturgy of his own—half Catholic, and half Calvinistic, quite in character with the creed of the country through which they were travelling.

"My horse has stumbled," continued Essper, "and your's, Sir, is he not shying? There's a confounded cloud over the moon—but I've no sight in the dark if that mass before you be not a devil's-stone. The Lord have mercy upon our sinful souls!"

"Peace! peace! Essper," said Vivian, who was surprised to find him really alarmed; "peace! peace! I see nothing but a block of granite, no uncommon sight in a German forest."

"It is a devil-stone, I tell you, Sir—there has been some church here, which he has knocked down in the night. Look! look! is it the moss-people that I see! As sure as I'm a hungry sinner, the Wild One is out a-hunting to-night."

"More luck for us, if we meet him. His dogs, as you say, may gain us a supper. I think our wisest course will be to join the cry."

"Hush! hush! hush! your Highness would not talk so if you knew what your share of the spoils might be. Ay! if your Highness did, your cheek would be paler, and your very teeth would chatter. I knew one man who was travelling in a forest, just as we are now, it was about this time, and he believed in the Wild Huntsman about as much as your Highness does—that is, he liked to talk of the Spirit, merely to have the opportunity of denying that he believed in him; which showed, as I used to say, that his mind was often thinking of it.

He was a merry knave, and as firm a hand for a boar-spear, as ever I met with, and I've met with many. We used to call him, before the accident, *Left-handed Hans*, but they call him now, your Highness, *the Child-Hunter*. Oh! it's a very awful tale, your Highness, and I'd sooner tell it in blazing hall than in free forest. Your Highness didn't hear any sound to the left, did you?"

"Nothing but the wind, Essper; on with your tale, my man."

"It's a very awful tale, Sir, but I'll make short work of it. You see, your Highness, it was a night just like this; the moon was generally hid, but the stars prevented it from ever being pitch dark. And so, Sir, he was travelling alone; he'd been up to the castle of the baron, his master—you see, Sir, he was head-ranger to his lordship—and he always returned home through the forest. What he was thinking of, I cannot say, but most likely of no good; when all on a sudden he heard the baying of hounds in the distance. Now, your Highness, directly he heard it—I've heard him tell the story a thousand times—directly he heard *it*, *it*

struck him that it must be the Spirit Huntsman; and though there were many ways to account for the hounds, still he never for a moment doubted that they were the hell-dogs. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Now your Highness, I tell you this, because if ever,—which the Holy Virgin forbid!—if ever you meet the Wild Huntsman, you 'll know how to act:– conduct yourself always with propriety, make no noise, but behave like a gentleman, and don't put the dogs off the scent; stand aside, and let him pass. Don't talk, he has no time to lose, for if he hunt after day break, a night's sport is forfeited for every star left in the morning sky. So, Sir, you see nothing puts him in a greater passion than to lose his time in answering impertinent questions. Well, your Highness, Left-handed Hans stood by the road side. The baying of the dogs was so distinct, that he felt that in a moment the Wild One would be up: his horse shivered like a sallow in a storm. He heard the tramp of the Spirit-steed: they came in sight. As the tall figure of the Huntsman passed—I cannot tell your High-

ness what it was—it might have been, Lord forgive me for thinking what it might have been! but a voice from behind Hans, a voice so like his own, that for a moment he fancied that he had himself spoken, although he was conscious that his lips had been firmly closed the whole time, a voice from the road side,—just behind poor Hans, mind,—said 'Good sport, Sir Huntsman, 'tis an odd light to track a stag!' The poor man, Sir, was all of an ague; but how much greater, your Highness, was his horror, when the tall Huntsman stopped! He thought that he was going to be eaten up on the spot, at least: not at all, your Highness—'My friend!' said the Wild One, in the kindest voice imaginable; 'my friend, would you like to give your horse a breathing with us?' Poor Hans, your Highness, was so alarmed, that it never entered into his head for a single moment to refuse the invitation, and instantly he was galloping by the side of the Wild Huntsman. Away they flew! away! away! away! over bog, and over mere; over ditch, and over hedge; away! away! away!—and the Ranger's horse never

failed, but kept by the side of the Wild Spirit without the least distress; and yet, your Highness, it 's very singular that Hans was about to sell this very beast only a day before, for a matter of five crowns:—you see, your Highness, he only kept it just to pick his way at night from the castle to his own cottage. Well! your Highness, it 's very odd, but Hans soon lost all fear, for the sport was so fine and he had such a keen relish for the work, that far from being alarmed, he thought himself one of the luckiest knaves alive. But the oddest thing all this time was, that Hans never caught sight for one moment of either buck or boar; although he saw by the dogs' noses that there was something keen in the wind; and although he felt that if the hunted beast were like any that he had himself ever followed before, it must have been run down with such dogs, quicker than a priest could say a pater-noster. At last, Sir, for he had grown quite bold, says Hans to the Wild Huntsman, 'The beasts run quick o' nights, Sir, I think; it 's been a long time I ween, e 'er I scampered so far, and saw so

little!' Do you know, your Highness, that the old gentleman was not the least affronted, but said, in the pleasantest voice imaginable, 'A true huntsman should be patient, Hans, you'll see the game quick enough; look forward, man! what see you?' and sure enough, your Highness, he did look forward. It was near the skirts of the forest, there was a green glade before them, and very few trees, and therefore he could see far a-head. The moon was shining very bright, and sure enough, what did he see? Running as fleet over the turf as a rabbit, was a child. The little figure was quite black in the moonlight, and Hans could not catch its face:—in a moment the hell-dogs were on it. Hans quivered like a windy reed, your Highness, and the Wild One laughed till the very woods echoed. 'How like you hunting mossmen?' asked the Spirit. Now when Hans, your Highness, found it was only a mossman, he took heart again, and said in a shaking voice, that 'It is rare good sport in good company;' and then the Spirit jumped off his horse, and said 'Now, Hans, you must watch me well, for I'm little used to bag game.' He

said this with a proudish air, your Highness, as much as to hint, that hadn't he expected Hans, he wouldn't have rode out this evening without his groom. So the Wild One jumped on his horse again, and put the bag before him. It was nearly morning, your Highness, when Hans found himself at the door of his own cottage; and bowing very respectfully to the Spirit Hunter, he thanked him for the sport, and begged his share of the night's spoil. This was all in joke, your Highness, but Hans had heard that 'talk to the devil, and fear the last word;' and so he was determined, now that they were about to part, not to appear to tremble, but to carry it off with a jest. 'Truly Hans,' said the Huntsman, 'thou art a bold lad, and to encourage thee to speak to wild huntsmen again, I have a mind to give thee for thy pains, the whole spoil. Take the bag, knave, a mossman is good eating, had I time I would give thee a receipt for sauce;' and so saying, the Spirit rode off, laughing very heartily. Well, your Highness, Hans was so anxious to examine the contents of the bag, and see what kind of

thing a mossman really was,—for he had only caught a glimpse of him in the chace,—that instead of going to bed immediately and saying his prayers, as he should have done, he lighted a lamp and undid the string; and what think you he took out of the bag, your Highness? As sure as I'm a born sinner—his own child!"

"'Tis a wonderful tale," said Vivian; "and did the unfortunate man tell you this himself?"

"Often and often, Sir.—I knew Left-handed Hans well. He was ranger, as I said, to a great lord; and was quite a favourite, you see. For some reason or other he got out of favour. Some said that the Baron had found him out a-poaching; and that he used to ride his master's horses a-night. Whether this be true or not, who can say? But, howsoever, Hans went to ruin; and instead of being a flourishing active lad, he was turned out, and went a begging all through Saxony; and he always told this story as the real history of his mis-

fortunes. Some say, he 's not as strong in his head as he used to be. However, why should we say it 's not a true tale?—What 's that?" almost shrieked Essper.

Vivian listened, and heard distinctly the distant baying of hounds.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" said Essper; "now don't speak, Sir, don't speak; and if the devil make me join him, as may be the case, for I 'm but a cock-brained thing, particularly at midnight; don't be running after me from any foolish feeling, but take care of yourself, and don't be chattering. To think you should come to this, my precious young master!"

"Cease your blubbering, for heaven's sake! Do you think that I 'm to be frightened by the idiot tales of a parcel of old women, and the lies of a gang of detected poachers? Come sir, ride on. We are, most probably, near some huntsman's cottage. That distant baying is the sweetest music I 've heard a great while."

"Don't be rash, Sir—don't be rash—don't

be rash. If you were to give me fifty crowns now, I couldn't remember a single line of a single prayer. Ave Maria!—it always is so when I most want it. Pater noster!—and whenever I've need to remember a song, sure enough I'm always thinking of a prayer.—Unser vater, der du bist im himmel—sanctificado se el tu nombra; il tuo regno venga." Here Essper George was proceeding with a scrap of modern Greek, when the horsemen suddenly came upon one of those broad green vistas which we often see in forests, and which are generally cut, either for the convenience of hunting, or carting wood. It opened on the left side of the road; and at the bottom of it, though apparently at a great distance, a light was visible.

"So much for your Wild Huntsman, my friend Essper! I shall be much disappointed if here are not quarters for the night. And see! the moon comes out—a good omen!"

After about ten minutes sharp trot over the noiseless turf, the travellers found themselves before a large and many-windowed mansion.

The building formed the farthest side of a quadrangle, which you entered through an ancient and massy gate; on each side of which was a small building—of course the lodges. Essper soon found that the gate was closely fastened; and though he knocked often and loudly, it was with no effect. That the inhabitants of the mansion had not yet retired was certain, for lights were moving in the great house; and one of the lodges was not only very brilliantly illuminated, but full, as Vivian was soon convinced, of clamorous, if not jovial guests.

"Now, by the soul of my unknown father?" said the enraged Essper, "I'll make these saucy porters learn their duty. What ho! there—what ho! within! within!" But the only answer he received, was the loud reiteration of a rude and roaring chorus; which, as it was now more distinctly and audibly enunciated, evidently for the purpose of enraging the travellers—they detected to be something to the following effect:—

"Then a prayer to St. Peter, a prayer to St. Paul,
A prayer to St. Jerome—a prayer to them all—
A prayer to each one of the saintly stock,
But devotion alone, devotion to Hock!"

"A right good burden!" said Essper. The very words had made him recover his temper, and ten thousand times more desirous of gaining admittance. He was off his horse in a moment, and scrambling up the wall with the aid of the iron staunchions, he clambered up to the window. The sudden appearance of his figure startled the inmates of the lodge;—and one of them soon staggered to the gate.

"What want you, ye noisy and disturbing varlets? what want you, ye most unhallowed rogues at such a place, and at such an hour? If you be thieves—look at our bars—(here a hiccup.) If you be poachers—our master is engaged, and ye may slay all the game in the forest—(another hiccup)—but if ye be good men and true ——"

"We are, we are!" hallooed Essper eagerly.

"You are, you are!" said the porter, in a tone of great surprise; "then you ought to be

ashamed of yourselves for disturbing holy men at their devotions !"

" Is this the way," said Essper, " to behave, ye shameless rascals, to a noble and mighty Prince, who happens to have lost his way in one of your cursed forests ; but who, though he has parted with his suite, has still in his pocket a purse full of ducats ? Would ye have him robbed by any others but yourselves ? Is this the way you behave to a prince of the Holy Roman Empire—a knight of every order under the sun, and a most particular friend of your own master ? Is this the way to behave to his secretary, who is one of the merriest fellows living ; can sing a jolly song with any of you, and so bedevil a bottle of Geisenheim with lemons and brandy, that for the soul of ye, you wouldn't know it from the greenest Tokay. Out, out on ye ! you know not what you have lost !"

Ere Essper had finished more than one stout bolt had been drawn, and the great key had already entered the stouter lock.

" Most honourable Sirs !" hiccuped the por-

ter; "in Our Lady's name enter. I had forgot myself; for in these autumn nights it is necessary to anticipate the cold with a glass of cheering liquor; and God forgive me! if I didn't mistake your most mighty Highnesses for a couple of forest rovers, or small poachers at least. Thin entertainment here, kind Sir—(here the last bolt was withdrawn)—a glass of indifferent liquor, and a prayer-book. I pass the time chiefly these cold nights with a few holy-minded friends, at our devotions. You heard us at our prayers, honourable lords!

> A prayer to St. Peter, a prayer to St. Paul!
> A prayer to St. Jerome, a prayer to them all!"

Here the devout porter most reverently crossed himself.

> "A prayer to each one of the saintly stock,
> But devotion alone, devotion to Hock!"

bellowed Essper George—"You forget the best part of the burden, my honest friend."

"Oh!" said the porter, with an arch smile, as he opened the lodge door; "I'm glad to find that your honourable Excellencies have a taste for hymns!"

The porter led them into a room, at a round table in which, about half a dozen individuals were busily engaged in discussing the merits of various agreeable liquors. There was an attempt to get up a show of polite hospitality to Vivian as he entered; but the man who offered him his chair fell to the ground in an unsuccessful struggle to be courteous; and another one, who had filled a large glass for the guest on his entrance, offered him, after a preliminary speech of incoherent compliments, the empty bottle by mistake. The porter and his friends, although they were all drunk, had sense enough to feel that the presence of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, a Chevalier of every order under the sun, and the particular friend of their master, was not exactly a fit companion for themselves, and was rather a check on the gay freedom of equal companionship; and so, although the exertion was not a little troublesome, the guardian of the gate reeled out of the room to inform his honoured Lord of the sudden arrival of a stranger of distinction. Essper George immediately took his place, and

ere the master of the lodge had returned, the noble secretary had not only given a choice toast, sung a choice song, and been hailed by the grateful plaudits of all present; but had proceeded in his attempt to fulfil the pledge which he had given at the gate to the very letter, by calling out lustily for a bottle of Geisenheim, lemons, brandy, and a bowl.

"Fairly and softly, my little son of Bacchus," said the porter as he re-entered—"fairly and softly, and then thou shall want nothing; but remember I have to perform my duties unto the noble Lord my master, and also to the noble Prince your master. If thou wilt follow me," continued the porter, reeling as he bowed with the greatest consideration to Vivian; "if thou wilt follow me, most high and mighty Sir, my master will be right glad to have the honour of drinking your health. And as for you, my friends; fairly and softly, fairly and softly say I again. We'll talk of the Geisenheim anon. Am I to be absent from the first brewing? No, no! fairly and softly, fairly and softly; you can drink my health when I'm absent in cold

liquor, and say those things which you could not well say before my face. But mind, my most righteous and well-beloved, I 'll have no flattery—no flattery. Flattery is the destruction of all good-fellowship; it 's like a qualmish liqueur in the midst of a bottle of wine. No flattery, no flattery; speak your minds, say any little thing that comes first, as thus—' well, for Hunsdrich the porter, I must declare that I never heard evil word against him;' or thus, ' a very good leg has Hunsdrich the porter, and a tight made lad altogether; no enemy with the girls, I warrant me;' or thus, ' well, for a good-hearted, good-looking, stout-drinking, virtuous, honourable, handsome, generous, sharp-witted knave, commend me to Hunsdrich the porter;' but not a word more my friends, not a word more, no flattery, no flattery. Now, Sir, I beg your pardon."

The porter led the way through a cloistered walk, until they arrived at the door of the great mansion, to which they ascended by a lofty flight of steps; it opened into a very large octagonal hall, the sides of which were covered

with fowling-pieces, stags-heads, couteaux de chasse, boar-spears, and huge fishing-nets. Passing through this hall they ascended a very noble staircase, on the first landing-place of which was a door, which Vivian's conductor opened, and ushering him into a large and well-lighted chamber, immediately withdrew. From the centre of this room descended a magnificently cut chandelier, which threw a graceful light upon a sumptuous banquet-table, at which were seated eight very singular-looking personages. All of them wore hunting-dresses of various shades of straw-coloured cloth, with the exception of one, who sat on the left hand of the master of the feast, and the colour of whose costume was a rich crimson-purple. From the top to the bottom of the table extended a double file of wine-glasses and goblets, of all sizes and all colours. There you might see brilliant relics of that ancient ruby-glass, the vivid tints of which seem lost to us for ever. Next to these were marshalled, goblets of Venetian manufacture, of a clouded, creamy white; then came the huge hock-glass of some ancient Pri-

mate of Mentz, nearly a yard high; towering above its companions, as the church, its former master, predominated over the simple laymen of the middle ages. Why should I forget a set of most curious and antique drinking-cups of painted glass, on whose rare surfaces were emblazoned the Kaiser and ten Electors of the old Empire?

Vivian bowed to the party, and stood in silence, while they stared a most scrutinising examination. At length the master of the feast spoke. He was a very stout man, with a prodigious paunch, which his tightened dress set off to great advantage. His face, and particularly his forehead, were of great breadth. His eyes were set far apart. His long ears hung down almost to his shoulders; yet singular as he was, not only in these, but in many other respects, everything was forgotten when your eyes lighted on his nose. It was the most prodigious nose that Vivian ever remembered—not only seeing, but hearing, or even reading of. In fact, it was too monstrous for the

crude conception of a dream. This mighty nose hung down almost to its owner's chest.

"Be seated," said this personage, in no unpleasing voice, and he pointed to the chair opposite to him. Vivian took the vacated seat of the Vice President, who moved himself to the right. "Be seated, and whoever you may be—welcome! If our words be few, think not that our welcome is scant. We are not much given to speech, holding it for a principle that if a man's mouth be open, it should be for the purpose of receiving that which cheers a man's spirit; not of giving vent to idle words, which, as far as we have observed, produce no other effect save filling the world with crude and unprofitable fantasies, and distracting our attention when we are on the point of catching those flavours which alone make the world endurable. Therefore, briefly but heartily welcome! Welcome, Sir Stranger from us and from all; and first from us, the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger." Here his Highness rose, and pulled out a large ruby tumbler from the file. Each of those present did the same, without however rising,

and the late Vice President, who sat next to Vivian, invited him to follow their example.

The Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger brought forward, from beneath the table, an ancient and exquisite bottle of that choice liquor from which he took his exhilarating title. The cork was drawn, and the bottle circulated with rapidity; and in three minutes the ruby glasses were filled and emptied, and the Grand Duke's health quaffed by all present.

"Again, Sir Stranger," continued the Grand Duke, "briefly but heartily welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Archduke of Hockheimer!"

The Archduke of Hockheimer was a thin, sinewy man, with long, carroty hair—eyelashes of the same colour, but of a remarkable length—and mustachios, which, though very thin, were so long that they met under his chin. Vivian could not refrain from noticing the extreme length, whiteness, and apparent sharpness of his teeth. The Archduke did not speak, but leaning under the table, soon pro-

duced a bottle of Hockheimer. He then took from the file one of the Venetian glasses of clouded white. All followed his example—the bottle was sent round, his health was pledged—and the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger again spoke:—

"Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome! welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Elector of Steinberg!"

The Elector of Steinberg was a short, but very broad-backed, strong-built man. Though his head was large, his features were small, and appeared smaller from the miraculous quantity of coarse, shaggy, brown hair, which grew over almost every part of his face, and fell down upon his shoulders. The Elector was as silent as his predecessor, and quickly produced a bottle of Steinberg. The curious drinking cups of painted glass were immediately withdrawn from the file, the bottle was sent round, the Elector's health was pledged, and the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger again spoke:—

"Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily

welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Margrave of Rudesheimer!"

The Margrave of Rudesheimer was a slender man, of elegant appearance. As Vivian watched the glance of his speaking eye, and the half-satirical and half jovial smile which played upon his features, he hardly expected that his Highness would be as silent as his predecessors. But the Margrave spoke no word. He gave a kind of shout of savage exultation as he smacked his lips after dashing off his glass of Rudesheimer; and scarcely noticing the salutations of those who drank his health, he threw himself back in his chair, and listened seemingly with a smile of derision, while the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger again spoke:—

"Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Landgrave of Grafenberg!"

The Landgrave of Grafenberg was a rude, awkward-looking person, who, when he rose from his seat, stared like an idiot, and seemed

utterly ignorant of what he ought to do. But his quick companion, the Margrave of Rudesheimer, soon thrust a bottle of Grafenberg into the Landgrave's hand, and with some trouble and bustle the Landgrave extracted the cork; and then helping himself, sat down, forgetting either to salute, or to return the salutations of those present.

"Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Palsgrave of Geisenheim!"

The Palsgrave of Geisenheim was a dwarf in spectacles. He drew the cork from his bottle like lightning, and mouthed at his companions, even while he bowed to them.

"Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Count of Markbrunnen!"

The Count of Markbrunnen was a sullen-looking personage, with lips protruding nearly three inches beyond his nose. From each side of his upper jaw projected a large tooth.

"Thanks to Heaven!" said Vivian, as the Grand Duke again spoke—"thanks to Heaven, here is our last man!"

"Again, Sir Stranger, briefly but heartily welcome!—welcome from us, and welcome from all—and first from us, and now from the Baron of Asmanshausen!"

The Baron of Asmanshausen sat on the left-hand of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger, and was dressed, as we have before said, in an unique costume of crimson purple. The Baron stood, without his boots, about six feet eight. He was a sleek man, with a head not bigger than a child's, and a pair of small, black, beady eyes, of singular brilliancy. The Baron introduced a bottle of the only red wine that the Rhine boasts; but which, for its fragrant and fruity flavour, and its brilliant tint, is perhaps even superior to the sunset glow of Burgundy.

"And now," continued the Grand Duke, "having introduced you to all present, Sir, we will begin drinking."

Vivian had submitted to the introductory

ceremonies with the good grace which becomes a man of the world; but the coolness of his Highness's last observation recalled our hero's wandering senses; and, at the same time, alarmed at discovering that eight bottles of wine had been discussed by the party, merely as a preliminary, and emboldened by the contents of one bottle which had fallen to his own share, he had the courage to confront the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger in his own castle.

"Your wine, most noble Lord, stands in no need of my commendation; but as I must mention it, let it not be said that I ever mentioned it without praise. After a ten hours' ride, its flavour is as grateful to the palate as its strength is refreshing to the heart; but though old Hock, in homely phrase, is styled meat and drink, I confess to you that, at this moment, I stand in need of even more solid sustenance than the juice of the sunny hill."

"A traitor!" shrieked all present, each with his right arm stretched out, glass in hand; "A traitor!"

"No traitor," answered Vivian; "no traitor, my noble and right thirsty lords; but one of the most hungry mortals that ever yet famished."

The only answer that he received for some time, was a loud and ill-boding murmur. The long whisker of the Archduke of Hockheimer curled with renewed rage: audible, though suppressed, was the growl of the hairy Elector of Steinberg; fearful the corporeal involutions of the tall Baron of Asmanshausen; and savagely sounded the wild laugh of the bright-eyed Margrave of Rudesheimer.

"Silence, my lords!" said the Grand Duke. "Forget we that ignorance is the stranger's portion, and that no treason can exist among those who are not our sworn subjects? Pity we rather the degeneracy of this bold spoken youth; and in the plenitude of our mercy, let us pardon his demand! Know ye, unknown knight, that you are in the presence of an august society, who are here met at one of their accustomed convocations; whereof the purport is the frequent quaffing of those most

glorious liquors, of which the sacred Rhine is the great father. We profess to find a perfect commentary on the Pindaric laud of the strongest element, in the circumstance of the banks of a river being the locality where the juice of the grape is most delicious—and holding, therefore, that water is strongest, because, in a manner, it giveth birth to wine; we also hold it as a sacred element, and consequently, most religiously refrain from refreshing our bodies with that sanctified and most undrinkable fluid. Know ye, that we are the children of the Rhine—the conservators of his flavours—profound in the learning of his exquisite aroma, and deep students in the mysteries of his inexplicable näre. Professing not to be immortal, we find in the exercise of the chace a noble means to preserve that health which is necessary for the performance of the ceremonies to which we are pledged. At to-morrow's dawn our bugle sounds, and thou, stranger, may engage the wild boar at our side; at to-morrow's noon the castle bell will toll, and thou, stranger, may eat of the beast which thou

hast conquered:—but to feed after midnight, to destroy the power of catching the delicate flavour, to annihilate the faculty of detecting the undefinable näre, is heresy—most rank and damnable heresy!—Therefore, at this hour soundeth no plate nor platter—jingleth no knife nor culinary instrument in the PALACE OF THE WINES. Yet, in consideration of thy youth, and that on the whole thou hast tasted thy liquor like a proper man, from which we augur the best expectations of the manner in which thou wilt drink it,—we feel confident that our brothers of the goblet will permit us to grant thee the substantial solace of a single shoeing horn."

"Let it be a Dutch herring then," said Vivian; "and as you have souls to be saved, grant me one slice of bread."

"It cannot be," said the Grand Duke; "but as we are willing to be indulgent to bold hearts, verily, we will wink at the profanation of a single toast; but you must order an anchovy one, and give secret instructions to the waiting-man to forget the fish. It must be counted as

a second shoeing horn; and you will forfeit for the last a bottle of Markbrunnen."

"And now, illustrious brothers," continued the Grand Duke, "let us drink 1726!"

All present gave a single cheer, in which Vivian was obliged to join; and they honoured with a glass of the very year, the memory of a celebrated vintage.

"1748!" said the Grand Duke.

Two cheers, and the same ceremony.

1766, and 1779, were honoured in the same manner; but when the next toast was drank, Vivian almost observed in the countenances of the Grand Duke and his friends, the signs of incipient insanity.

"1783!" hallooed the Grand Duke, in a tone of the most triumphant exultation; and his mighty proboscis, as it snuffed the air, almost caused a whirlwind round the room—Hockeimer gave a roar—Steinberg a growl—Rudesheimer a wild laugh—Markbrunnen a loud grunt—Grafenberg a bray—Asmanshausen's long body moved to and fro with wonderful agitation;—and little Geisenheim's bright eyes

glistened through their glasses, as if they were on fire. How ludicrous is the incipient inebriety of a man who wears spectacles!

Thanks to an excellent constitution, which recent misery however had somewhat shattered, Vivian bore up against all these attacks; and when they had got down to 1802, from the excellency of his digestion, and the inimitable skill with which he emptied many of the latter glasses under the table, he was, perhaps, in better condition than any one in the room.

And now rose the idiot Grafenberg; Rudesheimer all the time, with a malicious smile, faintly pulling him down by the skirt of his coat; as if he were desirous of preventing an exposure which his own advice had brought about. He had been persuading Grafenberg the whole evening to make a speech.

"My Lord Duke," brayed the jackass; and then he stopped dead, and looked round the room with an unmeaning stare.

"Hear, hear, hear!" was the general cry; but Grafenberg seemed astounded at any one being desirous of hearing his voice, or for a

moment seriously entertaining the idea that he could have any thing to say; and so he stared again, and again, and again; till at last, Rudesheimer, by dint of kicking his shins under the table,—the Margrave the whole time seeming perfectly motionless—at length extracted a sentence from the asinine Landgrave.

"My Lord Duke!" again commenced Grafenberg; and again he stopped.

"Go on!" shouted all.

"My Lord Duke! Rudesheimer is treading on my toes!"

Here little Geisenheim gave a loud laugh of derision; in which all joined, except surly Markbrunnen whose lips protruded an extra inch beyond their usual length, when he found that all were laughing at his friend. The Grand Duke at last procured silence.

"Shame! shame! most mighty Princes! Shame! shame! most noble lords. Is it with this irreverent glee, these scurvy flouts, and indecorous mockery, that you would have this stranger believe that we celebrate the ceremonies of our father Rhine? Shame, I say—

and silence! It is time that we should prove to him, that we are not merely a boisterous and unruly party of swilling varlets, who leave their brains in their cups. It is time that we should do something to prove that we are capable of better and worthier things. What ho! my Lord of Geisenheim! shall I speak twice to the guardian of the horn of the Fairy King?"

The little dwarf instantly jumped from his seat, and proceeded to the end of the room; where, after having bowed three times with great reverence before a small black cabinet made of vine wood, he opened it with a golden key, and then with great pomp and ceremony bore its contents to the Grand Duke. His Royal Highness took from the little dwarf the horn of a gigantic and antediluvian elk. The cunning hand of an ancient German artificer had formed this curious relic into a drinking cup. It was exquisitely polished, and cased in the interior with silver. On the outside the only ornaments were three richly chased silver rings, which were placed nearly at equal distances. When

the Grand Duke had carefully examined this most precious horn, he held it up with great reverence to all present, and a party of devout catholics could not have paid greater homage to the elevated Host, than did the various guests to the horn of the Fairy King. Even the satanic smile on Rudesheimer's countenance was for a moment subdued ; and all bowed. The Grand Duke then delivered the mighty cup to his neighbour, the Archduke of Hockheimer, who held it with both hands until his Royal Highness had emptied into it, with great care, three bottles of Johannisberger. All rose : the Grand Duke took the goblet in one hand, and with the other he dexterously put aside his most inconvenient and enormous nose. Dead silence prevailed, save the roar of the liquor as it rushed down the Grand Duke's throat, and resounded through the chamber like the distant dash of a waterfall. In three minutes his Royal Highness had completed his task, the horn had quitted his mouth, his nose had again resumed its usual situation, and as he handed the cup to the Archduke, Vivian thought that a material

change had taken place in his countenance since he had quaffed his last draught. His eyes seemed more apart; his ears seemed broader and longer; and his nose was most visibly lengthened. The Archduke, before he commenced his draught, ascertained with great scrupulosity that his predecessor had taken his fair share by draining the horn as far as the first ring; and then he poured off with great rapidity his own portion. But though, in performing the same task, he was quicker than the master of the party, the draught not only apparently, but audibly, produced upon him a much more decided effect than it had on the Grand Duke; for when the second ring was drained, the Archduke gave a loud roar of exultation, and stood up for some time from his seat, with his hands resting on the table, over which he leant as if he were about to spring upon his opposite neighbour. The cup was now handed across the table to the Baron of Asmanshausen. His lordship performed his task with ease; but as he withdrew the horn from his mouth, all present, except Vivian, gave

a loud cry of "Supernaculum!" The Baron smiled with great contempt as he tossed, with a careless hand, the great horn upside downwards, and was unable to shed upon his nail even the one excusable pearl. He handed the refilled horn to the Elector of Steinberg, who drank his portion with a growl; but afterwards seemed so pleased with the facility of his execution, that instead of delivering it to the next bibber, the Palsgrave of Markbrunnen, he commenced some clumsy attempts at a dance of triumph, in which he certainly would have proceeded, had not the loud grunts of the surly and thick-lipped Markbrunnen occasioned the interference of the Grand Duke. Supernaculum now fell to the Margrave of Rudesheimer, who gave a loud and long-continued laugh as the dwarf of Geisenheim filled the horn for the third time.

While this ceremony was going on a thousand plans had occurred to Vivian for his escape; but all, on second thoughts, proved impracticable. With agony he had observed that supernaculum was his miserable lot.

Could he but have foisted it on the idiot Grafenberg, he might, by his own impudence and the other's stupidity, have escaped. But he could not flatter himself that he should be successful in bringing about this end, for he observed with sorrow that the malicious Rudesheimer had not for a moment ceased watching him with a keen and exulting glance. Geisenheim performed his task; and ere Vivian could ask for the goblet, Rudesheimer, with a fell laugh, had handed it to Grafenberg. The greedy ass drank his portion with ease, and indeed drank far beyond his limit. The cup was in Vivian's hand, Rudesheimer was roaring (supernaculum) louder than all—Vivian saw that the covetous Grafenberg had providentially rendered his task comparatively light; but even as it was, he trembled at the idea of drinking at a single draught, more than a pint of most vigorous and powerful wine.

"My Lord Duke," said Vivian, "you and your companions forget that I am little used to these ceremonies; that I am yet uninitiated in the mysteries of the näre. I have endeavoured

to prove myself no chicken-hearted water-drinking craven, and I have more wine within me at this moment than any man yet bore without dinner. I think, therefore, that I have some grounds for requesting indulgence; and I have no doubt that the good sense of yourself and your friends———"

Ere Vivian could finish, he almost fancied that a well-stocked menagerie had been suddenly emptied in the room. Such roaring, and such growling, and such hissing, could only have been exceeded on some grand feast-day in the recesses of a Brazilian forest. Asmanshausen looked as fierce as a boa constrictor before dinner. The proboscis of the Grand Duke heaved to and fro like the trunk of an enraged elephant. Hockheimer glared like a Bengal tiger, about to spring upon its prey. Steinberg growled like a Baltic bear. In Markbrunnen Vivian recognised the wild-boar he had himself often hunted. Grafenberg brayed like a jackass; and Geisenheim chattered like an ape. But all was forgotten and unnoticed when Vivian heard the fell and frantic shouts of the

laughing hyæna, the Margrave of Rudesheimer! Vivian, in despair, dashed the horn of Oberon to his mouth. One pull—a gasp—another desperate draught—it was done! and followed by a supernaculum almost superior to the exulting Asmanshausen's.

A loud shout hailed the exploit, and when the shout had subsided into silence, the voice of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger was again heard:—

"Noble Lords and Princes! I congratulate you on the acquisition of a congenial comate, and the accession to our society of one, who I now venture to say, will never disgrace the glorious foundation; but who, on the contrary, with heaven's blessing and the aid of his own good palate, will, it is hoped, add to our present knowledge of flavours by the detection of new ones, and by illustrations drawn from frequent study and constant observation of the mysterious näre. In consideration of his long journey and his noble achievement, I do propose that we drink but very lightly to night, and meet by two hours after to-morrow's dawn, under the

mossman's oak. Nevertheless, before we part, for the refreshment of our own good bodies, and by way of reward and act of courtesy unto this noble and accomplished stranger, let us pledge him in some foreign grape of fame, to which he may perhaps be more accustomed than unto the ever preferable juices of our Father Rhine."— Here the Grand Duke nodded to little Geisenheim, who in a moment was at his elbow.

It was in vain that Vivian remonstrated, excused himself from joining, or assured his Royal Highness that his conduct had already been so peculiarly courteous, that any further attention was at present unnecessary. A curiously cut glass, which on a moderate calculation Vivian reckoned would hold at least three pints, was placed before each guest; and a basket, containing nine bottles of sparkling champagne, première qualité, was set before his Highness.

"We are no bigots, noble stranger," said the Grand Duke, as he took one of the bottles, and scrutinized the cork with a very keen eye;— "We are no bigots, and there are moments when we drink Champagne, nor is Burgundy

forgotten, nor the soft Bourdeaux, nor the glowing grape of the sunny Rhône ?" His Highness held the bottle at an oblique angle with the chandelier. The wire is loosened,—whirr!—The exploded cork whizzed through the air, extinguished one of the burners of the chandelier, and brought the cut drop which was suspended under it rattling down among the glasses on the table. The Grand Duke poured the foaming fluid into his great goblet, and bowing to all around, fastened on its contents with as much eagerness as a half-insane dog rushes to a puddle in July.

The same operation was performed as regularly and as skilfully by all, except Vivian. Eight burners were extinguished; eight diamond drops had fallen clattering on the table; eight human beings had finished a miraculous carouse, by each drinking off a bottle of sparkling champagne. It was Vivian's turn. All eyes were fixed on him with the most perfect attention. He was now, indeed, quite desperate; for had he been able to execute a trick which long practice alone could have enabled

any man to perform, he felt conscious that it was quite out of his power to taste a single drop of the contents of his bottle. However, he loosened his wire and held the bottle at an angle with the chandelier; but the cork flew quite wild, and struck with great force the mighty nose of the Grand Duke.

"A forfeit!" cried all.

"Treason, and a forfeit!" cried the Margrave of Rudesheimer.

"A forfeit is sufficient punishment," said the Grand Duke; who, however, still felt the smarting effect of the assault on his proboscis. "You must drink Oberon's Horn full of champagne," continued his Highness.

"Never!" said Vivian, "Enough of this; I have already conformed in a degree which may injuriously affect my health, with your barbarous humours,—but there is moderation even in excess,—and so if you please my lord your servant may show me to my apartment, or I shall again mount my horse."

"You shall not leave this room," said the Grand Duke, with great firmness.

"Who shall prevent me?" asked Vivian.

"I will—all will!" said the Grand Duke.

"Now, by heavens! a more insolent and inhospitable old ruffian did I never meet. By the wine you worship, if one of you dare touch me, you shall rue it all your born days; and as for you, Sir, if you advance one step towards me, I'll take that sausage of a nose of your's and hurl you half round your own castle!"

"Treason!" shouted all, and looked to the Grand Duke.

"Treason!" said enraged majesty. The allusion to the nose had done away with all the constitutional doubts which his Highness had sported so moderately at the commencement of the evening.

"Treason!" howled the Grand Duke: "instant punishment!"

"What punishment?" asked Asmanshausen.

"Drown him in the new butt of Moselle," recommended Rudesheimer. The suggestion was immediately adopted. Every one rose: the little Geisenheim already had hold of Vivian's shoul-

der; and Grafenberg, instigated by the cowardly but malicious Rudesheimer, was about to seize him by the neck. Vivian took the dwarf and hurled him at the chandelier, in whose brazen chains the little being got entangled, and there remained. An unexpected cross-buttocker floored the incautious and unscientific Grafenburg; and following up these advantages, Vivian laid open the skull of his prime enemy, the retreating Margrave of Rudesheimer, with the assistance of the horn of Oberon; which flew from his hand to the other end of the room, from the force with which it rebounded from the cranium of the enemy. All the rest were now on the advance; but giving a vigorous and unexpected push to the table, the Grand Duke and Asmanshausen were thrown over, and the nose of the former got entangled with the awkward windings of the fairy king's horn. Taking advantage of this move, Vivian rushed to the door. He escaped, but had not time to secure the lock against the enemy, for the stout Elector of Steinberg was too quick for him. He dashed down the stairs with extraordinary agility;

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but just as he had gained the large octagonal hall, the whole of his late boon companions, with the exception of the dwarf of Geisenheim who was left in the chandelier, were visible in full chace. Escape was impossible, and so Vivian, followed by the seven nobles who were headed by the Grand Duke, described with all possible rapidity a circle round the hall. He, of course, gave himself up for lost; but luckily for him, it never occurred to one of his pursuers to do any thing but follow their leader; and as, therefore, they never dodged Vivian, and as also he was a much fleeter runner than the fat Grand Duke, whose pace, of course, regulated the progress of his followers, the party might have gone on at this rate until all of them had dropped from fatigue, had not the occurrence of a still more ludicrous incident prevented this consummation.

The hall-door was suddenly dashed open, and Essper George rushed in, followed in full chace by Hunsdrich and the guests of the lodge, who were the servants of Vivian's pursuers. Essper darted in between Rudesheimer

and Markbrunnen, and Hunsdrich and his friends following the same tactics as their lords and masters, without making any attempt to surround and hem in the object of their pursuit, merely followed him in order; describing, but in a contrary direction, a lesser circle within the eternal round of the first party. It was only proper for the servants to give their masters the wall. In spite of their very disagreeable and dangerous situation, it was with difficulty that Vivian refrained from laughter as he met Essper regularly every half minute at the foot of the great staircase. Suddenly, as Essper passed, he took Vivian by the waist, and with a single jerk placed him on the stairs; and then, with a dexterous dodge, he brought Hunsdrich the porter and the Grand Duke in full contact.

"I have got you at last," said Hunsdrich, seizing hold of his Grace of Schoss Johannisberger by the ears, and mistaking him for Essper.

"I have got you at last," said his Royal Highness, grappling with his porter, whom he

supposed to be Vivian. Both struggled: their followers pushed on with impetuous force; the battle was general; the overthrow universal. In a moment all were on the ground; and if any less inebriated, or more active individual attempted to rise, Essper immediately brought him down with a boar spear.

"Give me that large fishing-net," said Essper to Vivian; "Quick, quick, your Highness!"

Vivian pulled down an immense coarse net, which covered nearly five sides of the room. It was immediately unfolded, and spread over the fallen crew. To fasten it down with half a dozen boar-spears, which they drove into the floor, was the work of a moment. Essper had one pull at the proboscis of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger before he hurried Vivian away; and in ten minutes they were again on their horses' backs, and galloping through the star-lit wood.

CHAPTER II.

It is the hour before the labouring bee has left his golden hive; not yet the blooming day buds in the blushing East; not yet has the victorious Lucifer chased from the early sky the fainting splendor of the stars of night. All is silent, save the light breath of Morn waking the slumbering leaves. Even now a golden streak breaks over the grey mountains. Hark! to shrill chanticleer! As the cock crows, the owl ceases. Hark! to shrill chanticleer's feathered rival! the mounting lark springs from the sullen earth, and welcomes with his hymn the coming day. The golden streak has expanded into a crimson crescent, and rays of living fire flame over the rose-enamelled East.

Man rises sooner than the Sun; and already sound the whistle of the ploughman, the song of the mower, and the forge of the smith,—and hark! to the bugle of the hunter, and the baying of his deep-mouthed hound. The Sun is up—the generating Sun! and temple, and tower, and tree; the massy wood, and the broad field, and the distant hill, burst into sudden light—quickly upcurled is the dusky mist from the shining river—quickly is the cold dew drunk from the raised heads of the drooping flowers!

These observations are not by our hero; for although, like all other British youth, he had been accustomed from an early age to scribble, and generally devoted his powers to the celebration of sunrise, sunset, the moon, the evening star, and the other principal planets; nevertheless, at the present moment, he was far from being in a disposition to woo the muse. A quick canter, by a somewhat clearer light than the one which had so unfortunately guided himself and his companion to the castle of the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger, soon carried them again to the skirts of the forest, and at this

minute they are emerging on the plain from yonder dark wood.

"By heavens! Essper, I cannot reach the town this morning. Was ever any thing more terribly unfortunate! A curse on those drunken fools! What with no rest, and no solid refreshment, and the whole rivers of hock that are flowing within me, and the infernal exertion of running round that vile hall, I feel fairly exhausted, and could at this moment fall from my saddle. See you no habitation, my good fellow, where there might be a chance of a breakfast and a few hours rest? We are now well out of the forest—Oh! surely there is smoke from behind those pines! Some good wife, I trust, is by her chimney corner."

"If my sense be not destroyed by the fumes of that mulled Geisenhein, which still haunts me, I could swear that the smoke is the soul of a burning weed."

"A truce to your jokes, good Essper, I really am very ill. A year ago I could have laughed at our misfortunes, but now it is very different; and by heavens, I must have breakfast! So stir

—exert yourself, and although I die for it, let us canter up to the smoke."

"No, my dear master, I will ride on before. Do you follow gently, and if there be a pigeon in the pot in all Germany, I swear by the patron saint of every village for fifty miles round, provided they be not heretics, that you shall taste of its breast-bone this morning."

The smoke did issue from a chimney, but the door of the cottage was shut.

"Hilloa! hilloa! within, within!" shouted Essper; "who shuts the sun out on a September morning?"

The door was at length slowly opened, and a most ill-favoured and inhospitable-looking dame demanded in a sullen voice, "What 's your will?"

"Oh! you pretty creature!" said Essper, who was still a little tipsy.

The door would have been shut in his face, had not he darted into the house before the woman was aware.

"Truly, a very neat and pleasant dwelling! and you would have no objection, I guess, to

give a handsome young gentleman some little sop of something, just to remind him you know that it isn't dinner-time."

"We give no sops here; what do you take us for? and so, my handsome young gentleman, be off, or I shall call the good man."

"Oh! you beauty: why, I'm not the handsome young gentleman, that's my master! who, if he were not half-starved to death, would fall in love with you at first sight."

"Oh! your master—is he in the carriage?"

"Carriage! no—on horseback."

"Travellers?"

"To be sure, my dearest dame; travellers true."

"Travellers true, without luggage, and at this time of morn! Methinks, by your looks, queer fellow, that you're travellers whom it may be wise for an honest woman not to meet."

"What! some people have an objection, then, to a forty kreüzer piece on a sunny morning?"

So saying Essper, in a careless manner, tossed a broad piece in the air, and made it

ring on a fellow coin, as he caught it in the palm of his hand when it descended.

"Is that your master?" asked the woman.

"Ay! is it; and the prettiest piece of flesh I've seen this month, except yourself."

"Well! if the gentleman likes bread, he can sit down here," said the woman, pointing to a dirty bench, and throwing a sour black loaf upon the table.

"Now, Sir!" said Essper, wiping the bench with great care, "lie you here and rest yourself. I've known a marshal sleep upon a harder sofa. Breakfast will be ready immediately, won't it, Ma'am?"

"Haven't I given you the bread? if you cannot eat that, you may ride where you can find better cheer."

"Yes! you beauty—yes! you angel—yes! you sweet creature—but what's bread for a traveller's breakfast? But I dare say his Highness will be contented—young men are so easily pleased when there's a pretty girl in the case—you know that, you wench! you do, you little hussy, you 're taking advantage of it."

Something like a smile lit up the face of the sullen woman when she said—"There may be an egg in the house, but I don't know."

"But you will soon, you dear creature! you see his Highness is in no hurry for his breakfast. He hasn't touched the bread yet, he's thinking of you, I've no doubt of it; now go and get the eggs, that's a beauty! Oh! what a pretty foot!" bawled Essper after her, as she left the room. "Now confound this old hag, if there's not meat about this house, may I keep my mouth shut at our next dinner. I wonder what's in that closet!—fastened!" Here the knave began sniffing and smelling in all the crevices. "Oh! here's our breakfast! my good lady, is it so? What's that in the corner? a boar's tusk! Ay! ay! a huntsman's cottage —and when lived a huntsman on black bread before! Good cheer! good cheer, Sir! we shall have such a breakfast to-day, that, by the gods of all nations, we shall never forget it!—Oh! bless your bright eyes for these eggs, and that basin of new milk."

So saying, Essper took them out of her hand, and placed them before Vivian.

"I was saying to myself, my pretty girl, when you were out of the room—'Essper George, Essper George—good cheer, Essper George—say thy prayers, and never despair—come what, come may, you'll fall among friends at last; and how do you know that your dream mayn't come true after all.' 'Dream!' said I to myself, 'what dream?'—'Dream!' said myself to I, 'didn't you dream that you breakfasted in the month of September with a genteel young woman with gold ear-rings; and isn't she standing before you now! and didn't she do every thing in the world to make you comfortable. Didn't she give you milk and eggs, and when you complained that you and meat had been but slack friends of late, didn't she open her own closet, and give you as fine a piece of hunting beef as was ever set before a Jagd Junker.'—Oh! you beauty!"

"I think you'll turn me into an inn-keeper's wife at last," said the dame, her stern features relaxing into a smile; and while she spoke she

advanced to the great closet, Essper George following her, walking on his toes, lolling out his enormous tongue, and stroking his mock paunch. As she opened it he jumped upon a chair, and had examined every shelf in less time than a pistol could flash. "White bread! Oh! you beauty, fit for a countess. Salt! Oh! you angel, worthy of Poland. Boar's head!! Oh! you sweet creature, no better at Troyes! and hunting beef!!! my dream is true!" and he bore in triumph to Vivian, who was nearly asleep, the ample round of salt and pickled beef, well stuffed with all kinds of savory herbs.

"Now, Sir!" said he, putting before his master a plate and necessary implements; "let your heart gladden—No Sir! no Sir! cut the other side—cut the other side—there's the silver edge. Now Sir, some fat—drink your milk—drink your milk—such beef as this will soon settle all your Rhenish.—Why your eyes are brighter already.—Have you breakfasted ma'am? You have, eh!—Oh! breakfast again—never too much of a good thing. I always

breakfast myself till dinner-time; and when dinner's finished, I begin my supper. Pray, where the devil are we?—Is this Reisenberg!"

"So we call it."

"And a very good name, too!—Let me give you a little stuffing Sir.—And are the Grand Duke's gentlemen out a hunting?"

"No, it's the Prince."

"The Prince—ah! I dare say you've a little more milk.—What a nice cottage this is! How I should like to live here—with you though—with you—thank you for the milk—quite fresh—beautiful! I'm my own man again! How do you feel, Sir?"

"Thanks to this good woman, much better; and with her kind permission, I will now rest myself on this bench for a couple of hours. This, good lady," said Vivian, giving her some florins, "I do not offer as a remuneration for your kindness, but as a slight token of —— "

Here Vivian began to snore. Essper George, who always slept with his eyes open, and who never sat still for a second, save when eating, immediately left the table; and in five minutes

was as completely domesticated in the huntsman's cottage, as if he had lived there all his life. The woman was quite delighted with a guest, who, in the course of half-an-hour had cleaned her house from top to bottom, dug up half her garden, mended her furniture, and milked her cow.

It was nearly an hour before noon ere the travellers had remounted. Their road again entered the enormous forest which they had been skirting for the last two days. The huntsmen were abroad; and the fine weather, his good meal, and seasonable rest, and the inspiriting sounds of the bugle, made Vivian feel quite recovered from his late fatigues.

"That must be a true-hearted huntsman, Essper, by the sound of his bugle. I never heard one played with more spirit. Hark! how fine it dies away in the wood—fainter and fainter, yet how clear! It must be now half a mile distant."

"I hear nothing so wonderful," said Essper, putting the two middle fingers of his right-

hand before his mouth, and sounding a note so clear and beautiful, so exactly imitative of the fall which Vivian had noticed and admired, that for a moment he imagined that the huntsman was at his elbow.

"Thou art a cunning knave!—do it again." This time Essper made the very wood echo. In a few minutes a horseman galloped up. He was as spruce a cavalier as ever pricked gay steed on the pliant grass. He was dressed in a green military uniform, and a small gilt bugle hung down his side. His spear told them that he was hunting the wild boar. When he saw Vivian and Essper he suddenly pulled up his horse, and seemed very much astonished.

"I thought that his Highness had been here," said the huntsman.

"No one has passed us, Sir," said Vivian.

"I could have sworn that his bugle sounded from this very spot," said the huntsman. "My ear seldom deceives me."

"We heard a bugle to the right, Sir," said Essper.

"Thanks, thanks, thanks my friend,"—and the huntsman was about to gallop off.

"May I ask the name of his Highness," said Vivian. "We are strangers in this country."

"That may certainly account for your ignorance," said the huntsman; "but no one who lives in this land can be unacquainted with his Serene Highness the Prince of Little Lilliput, my illustrious master. I have the honour," continued the huntsman, "of being Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse to his Serene Highness."

"'Tis an office of great dignity," said Vivian, "and one that I have no doubt you most admirably perform—I will not stop you, Sir, to admire your horse."

The huntsman bowed very courteously, and galloped off.

"You see, Sir," said Essper George, "that my bugle has deceived even the Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse of his Serene Highness the Prince of Little Lilliput himself;" so saying, Essper again sounded his instrument.

"A joke may be carried too far, my good fellow," said Vivian. "A true huntsman, like myself, must not spoil a brother's sport. So silence your bugle."

Now again galloped up the Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse of his Serene Highness the Prince of Little Lilliput. He pulled up his horse again, apparently as much astounded as ever.

"I thought that his Highness had been here," said the Huntsman.

"No one has passed us," said Vivian.

"We heard a bugle to the right," said Essper George.

"I am afraid his Serene Highness must be in distress. The whole suite are off the scent. It must have been his bugle, for the regulations of this forest are so strict, that no one dare sound a blast but his Serene Highness." Away galloped the huntsman.

"Next time I must give you up Essper," said Vivian.

"One more blast, my good master!" begged Essper, in a very supplicating voice. "This

time to the left—the confusion will be then complete."

"On your life not—I command you not," and so they rode on in silence. But it was one of those days when Essper could neither be silent nor subdued. Greatly annoyed at not being permitted to play his bugle, he amused himself for some time by making the most hideous grimaces; but as there were none either to admire or to be alarmed by the contortions of his countenance, this diversion soon palled. He then endeavoured to find some entertainment in riding his horse in every mode except the right one; but again, who was to be astounded by his standing on one foot on the saddle, or by his imitations of the ludicrous shifts of a female equestrian, perfectly ignorant of the manège. At length he rode with his back to his horse's head, and imitated the peculiar sound of every animal that he met. A young fawn, and various kinds of birds already followed him; and even a squirrel had perched on his horse's neck. And now they came to a

small farm house which was situated in the forest. The yard here offered great amusement to Essper. He neighed, and half a dozen horses' heads immediately appeared over the hedge; another neigh, and they were following him in the road. The dog rushed out to seize the dangerous stranger, and recover his charge; but Essper gave an amicable bark, and in a second the dog was jumping by his side, and engaged in the most earnest and friendly conversation. A loud and continued grunt soon brought out the pigs; and meeting three or four cows returning home, a few lowing sounds soon seduced them from keeping their appointment with the dairy-maid. A stupid jackass, who stared with astonishment at the procession, was saluted with a lusty bray, which immediately induced him to swell the ranks; and as Essper passed the poultry-yard, he so deceitfully informed its inhabitants that they were about to be fed, that twenty broods of ducks and chickens were immediately after him. The careful hens were terribly alarmed at the danger

which their offspring incurred from the heels and hoofs of the quadrupeds; but while they were in doubt and despair, a whole flock of stately geese issued in solemn pomp from another gate of the farm-yard, and commenced a cackling conversation with the delighted Essper. So contagious is the force of example, and so great was the confidence which the hens placed in these pompous geese; who were not the first fools whose solemn air has deceived a few old females; that as soon as they perceived them in the train of the horseman, they also trotted up to pay their respects at his levée. And here Vivian Grey stopped his horse, and burst into a fit of laughter.

But it was not a moment for mirth; for rushing down the road with awful strides appeared two sturdy and enraged husbandmen, one armed with a pike, and the other with a pitchfork, and accompanied by a frantic female, who never for a moment ceased hallooing, "Murder, rape, and fire!" every thing but "theft."

"Now, Essper, here 's a pretty scrape!"

"Stop, you rascals!" hallooed Adolph the herdsman.

"Stop, you gang of thieves!" hallooed Wilhelm the ploughman.

"Stop, you bloody murderers!" shrieked Phillippa, the indignant mistress of the dairy and the poultry-yard.

"Stop, you villains!" hallooed all three. The villains certainly made no attempt to escape, and in half a second the enraged household of the forest farmer would have seized on Essper George; but just at this crisis he uttered loud sounds in the respective language of every bird and beast about him; and suddenly they all turned round, and countermarched. Away rushed the terrified Adolph the herdsman, while one of his own cows was on his back. Still quicker scampered off the scared Wilhelm the ploughman, while one of his own steeds kicked him in his rear. Quicker than all these, shouting, screaming, shrieking, dashed back the unhappy mistress of the hen-roost, with all her subjects crowding about her;

some on her elbow, some on her head, her lace-cap destroyed, her whole dress disorganized. Another loud cry from Essper George, and the retreating birds cackled with redoubled vigour. Still louder were the neighs of the horses, the bray of the jackass, the barking of the dog, the squeaking of the swine, and the lowing of the cows! Essper enjoyed the scene at his ease, leaning his back in a careless manner against his horse's neck. The movements of the crowd were so quick that they were soon out of sight.

"A trophy!" called out Essper, as he jumped off his horse, and picked up the pike of Adolph, the herdsman.

"A boar-spear, or I am no huntsman," said Vivian—"give it me a moment!" He threw it up into the air, caught it with ease, poised it on his finger with the practised skill of one well used to handle the weapon, and with the same delight imprinted on his countenance as greets the sight of an old friend.

"This forest, Essper, and this spear, make me remember days when I was vain enough

to think that I had been sufficiently visited with sorrow. Ah! little did I then know of human misery, although I imagined I had suffered so much!—But not my will be done!" muttered Vivian to himself.

As he spoke, the sounds of a man in distress were heard from the right side of the road.

"Who calls, who calls?" cried Essper; a shout was the only answer. There was no path, but the underwood was low, and Vivian took his horse, an old forester, across it with ease. Essper's jibbed. Vivian found himself in a small green glade of about thirty feet square. It was thickly surrounded with lofty trees, save at the point where he had entered; and at the farthest corner of it, near some grey rocks, a huntsman was engaged in a desperate contest with a wild-boar.

The huntsman was on his right knee, and held his spear with both hands at the furious beast. It was an animal of extraordinary size and power. Its eyes glittered like fire. On the turf to its right a small grey mastiff, of powerful make, lay on its back, bleeding pro-

fusely, with its body ripped open. Another dog, a fawn-coloured bitch, had seized on the left ear of the beast; but the under-tusk of the boar, which was nearly a foot long, had penetrated the courageous dog, and the poor creature writhed in agony, even while it attempted to wreak its revenge upon its enemy. The huntsman was nearly exhausted. Had it not been for the courage of the fawn-coloured dog, which, clinging to the boar, prevented it making a full dash at the man, he must have been instantly gored. Vivian was off his horse in a minute, which, frightened at the sight of the wild boar, dashed again over the hedge.

"Keep firm, keep firm, Sir!" said he, "do not move. I'll amuse him behind, and make him turn."

A graze of Vivian's spear on its back, though it did not materially injure the beast, for there the boar is nearly invulnerable, annoyed it; and dashing off the fawn-coloured dog with great force, it turned on its new assailant. Now there are only two places in which the wild-boar can be assailed with any

effect; and these are just between the eyes, and between the shoulders. Great caution however is necessary in aiming these blows, for the boar is very adroit in transfixing the weapon on his snout, or his tusks; and if once you miss, particularly if you are not assisted by your dogs, which Vivian was not, 'tis all over with you; for the enraged animal rushes in like lightning, and gored you must be.

But Vivian was quite fresh, and quite cool. The animal suddenly stood still, and eyed its new enemy. Vivian was quiet, for he had no objection to give the beast an opportunity of retreating to its den. But retreat was not its object—it suddenly darted at the huntsman, who, however, was not off his guard, though unable from a slight wound in his knee to rise. Vivian again annoyed the boar at the rear, and the animal soon returned to him. He made a feint, as if he were about to strike his pike between its eyes. The boar not feeling a wound, which had not been inflicted, and very irritated, rushed at him, and he buried his spear a foot deep between its shoulders. The beast made

one fearful struggle, and then fell down quite dead. The fawn-coloured bitch, though terribly wounded, gave a loud bark; and even the other dog, which Vivian thought had been long dead, testified its triumphant joy by an almost inarticulate groan. As soon as he was convinced that the boar was really dead, Vivian hastened to the huntsman, and expressed his hope that he was not seriously hurt.

"A trifle, a trifle, which our surgeon, who is used to these affairs, will quickly cure—Sir! we owe you our life!" said the huntsman, with great dignity, as Vivian assisted him in rising from the ground. He was a tall man, of imposing appearance; but his dress, which was the usual hunting costume of a German nobleman, did not indicate his quality.

"Sir, we owe you our life!" repeated the stranger; "five minutes more, and our son must have reigned in Little Lilliput."

"I have the honour then of addressing your Serene Highness. Far from being indebted to me, I feel that I ought to apologize for having so unceremoniously joined in your sport."

"Nonsense, man, nonsense! We have killed in our time too many of these gentlemen to be ashamed of owning that, had it not been for you, one of them would at last have revenged the species. But many as are the boars that we have killed or eaten, we never saw a more furious or powerful animal than the present. Why, Sir, you must be one of the best hands at the spear in all Christendom!"

"Indifferently good, your Highness: your Highness forgets that the animal was already exhausted by your assault."

"Why there's something in that; but it was neatly done, man—it was neatly done.—You're fond of the sport, we think?"

"I have had some practice, but illness has so weakened me that I have given up the forest."

"Indeed! pity, pity, pity! and on a second examination, we observe that you are no hunter. This coat is not for the free forest; but how came you by the pike?"

"I am travelling to the next post town, to which I have sent on my luggage. I am get-

ting fast to the south; and as for this pike, my servant got it this morning from some peasant in a brawl, and was showing it to me when I heard your Highness call. I really think now that Providence must have sent it. I certainly could not have done you much service with my riding whip—Hilloa! Essper, Essper, where are you?"

"Here, noble Sir! here, here—why what have you got there? The horses have jibbed, and will not stir—I can stay no longer—they may go to the devil!" so saying, Vivian's valet dashed over the underwood, and leapt at the foot of the Prince.

"In God's name, is this thy servant?" asked his Highness.

"In good faith am I," said Essper; "his valet, his cook, and his secretary, all in one; and also his Jagd Junker, or Gentilhomme de la Chasse—as a puppy with a bugle horn told me this morning."

"A very merry knave!" said the Prince; "and talking of a puppy with a bugle horn, reminds us how unaccountably we have been deserted to-day by a suite that never yet were

wanting. We are indeed astonished. Our bugle, we fear, has turned traitor." So saying, the Prince executed a blast with great skill, which Vivian immediately recognised as the one which Essper George had so admirably imitated.

"And now, my good friend," said the Prince, "we cannot hear of your passing through our land, without visiting our good castle. We would that we could better testify the obligation which we feel under to you, in any other way than by the offer of an hospitality which all gentlemen, by right, can command. But your presence would, indeed, give us sincere pleasure. You must not refuse us. Your looks, as well as your prowess, prove your blood; and we are quite sure no cloth-merchant's order will suffer by your not hurrying to your proposed point of destination. We are not wrong we think,—though your accent is good,—in supposing that we are conversing with an English gentleman. But here they come."

As he spoke, three or four horsemen, at the head of whom was the young huntsman whom the travellers had met in the morning, sprang into the glade.

"Why, Arnelm!" said the Prince, "when before was the Jagd Junker's ear so bad that he could not discover his master's bugle, even though the wind were against him?"

"In truth, your Highness, we have heard bugles enough this morning. Who is violating the forest laws, we know not; but that another bugle is sounding, and played,—St. Hubert forgive me for saying so,—with as great skill as your Highness', is certain. Myself, Von Neuwied, and Lintz, have been galloping over the whole forest. The rest, I doubt not, will be up directly." The Jagd Junker blew his own bugle.

In the course of five minutes about twenty other horsemen, all dressed in the same uniform, had arrived; all complaining of their wild chases after the Prince in every other part of the forest.

"It must be the Wild Huntsman himself!" swore an old hand. This solution of the mystery satisfied all.

"Well, well!" said the Prince; "whoever it may be, had it not been for the timely presence

of this gentleman, you must have changed your green jackets for mourning coats, and our bugle would have sounded no more in the forest of our fathers. Here, Arnelm!—cut up the beast,—and remember that the left shoulder is the quarter of honour, and belongs to this stranger;—not less honoured because unknown."

All present took off their caps and bowed to Vivian; who took this opportunity of informing the Prince who he was.

"And now," continued his Highness, "Mr. Grey will accompany us to our Castle;—nay, Sir, we can take no refusal. We will send on to the town for your luggage. Arnelm, do you look to this!—And, honest friend!" said the Prince, turning to Essper George,—"we commend you to the special care of our friend Von Neuwied,—and so, gentlemen, with stout hearts and spurs to your steeds—to the Castle!"

CHAPTER III.

The cavalcade proceeded for some time at a very brisk but irregular pace, until they arrived at a less wild and wooded part of the forest. The Prince of Little Lilliput reined in his steed as he entered a very broad avenue of purple beeches, at the end of which, though at a considerable distance, Vivian perceived the towers and turrets of a Gothic edifice glittering in the sunshine.

"Welcome to Turriparva!" said his Highness.

"I assure your Highness," said Vivian, "that I view with no unpleasant feeling, the prospect of a reception in any civilized mansion; for to say the truth, for the last eight-and-forty hours,

Fortune has not favoured me either in my researches after a bed, or that which some think still more important than nightly repose."

"Is it so?" said the Prince; "Why, we should have thought by your home thrust this morning, that you were as fresh as the early lark. In good faith, it was a pretty stroke! And whence come you then, good Sir?"

"Know you a most insane and drunken idiot, who styles himself the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger?"

"No, no!" said the Prince, staring in Vivian's face very earnestly, and then bursting into a loud fit of laughter; "No, no, it cannot be! hah! hah! hah! but it is though; and you have actually fallen among that mad crew. Hah! hah! hah! a most excellent adventure! Arnelm! why, man, where art thou? ride up, ride up! Behold in the person of this gentleman a new victim to the overwhelming hospitality of our uncle of the Wines. And did they confer a title on you on the spot? Say, art thou Elector, or Palsgrave, or Baron; or, failing in thy devoirs, as once did our good cousin Ar-

nelm, confess that thou wert ordained with becoming reverence, the Archprimate of Puddledrink. Eh! Arnelm, is not that the style thou bearest at the Palace of the Wines?"

"So it would seem, your Highness. I think the title was conferred on me the same night that your Highness mistook the Grand Duke's proboscis for Oberon's Horn, and committed treason not yet pardoned."

"Hah! hah! hah! good! good! good! thou hast us there. Truly a good memory is often as ready a friend as a sharp wit. Wit is not thy strong point, friend Arnelm; and yet it is strange, that in the sharp encounter of ready tongues and idle logomachies, thou hast sometimes the advantage. But, nevertheless, rest assured, good cousin Arnelm, that wit is not thy strong point."

"It is well for me that all are not of the same opinion as your Serene Highness," said the young Jagd Junker, somewhat nettled; for he prided himself peculiarly on his repartees.

The Prince was exceedingly diverted with Vivian's account of his last night's adventure;

and our hero learnt from his Highness, that his late host was no less a personage than the cousin of the Prince of Little Lilliput, an old German Baron, who passed his time with some neighbours of congenial temperament, in hunting the wild boar in the morning, and speculating on the flavours of the fine Rhenish wines during the rest of the day. "He and his companions," continued the Prince, "will enable you to form a tolerably accurate idea of the character of the German nobility half a century ago. The debauch of last night was the usual carouse which crowned the exploits of each day when we were a boy. The revolution has rendered all these customs obsolete. Would that it had not sent some other things equally out of fashion!"

At this moment the Prince sounded his bugle, and the gates of the castle, which were not more than twenty yards distant, were immediately thrown open. The whole cavalcade set spurs to their steeds, and dashed at a full gallop over the hollow-sounding drawbridge, into the court-yard of the castle. A crowd of serving-men, in green liveries, instantly appeared; and Ar-

nelm and Von Neuwied, jumping from their saddles, respectively held the stirrup and the bridle of the Prince as he dismounted.

"Where is Master Rodolph?" asked his Highness, with a loud voice.

"So please your Serene Highness, I am here!" answered a very thin treble; and bustling through the surrounding crowd, came forward the owner of the voice. Master Rodolph was not above five feet high, but he was nearly as broad as he was long. Though more than middle-aged, an almost infantine smile played upon his broad fair face; to which his small turn-up nose, large green goggle eyes, and unmeaning mouth, gave no expression. His long hair hung over his shoulders, the flaxen locks in some places maturing into grey. In compliance with the taste of his master, this most unsportsman-like looking steward was clad in a green jerkin, on the right arm of which was embroidered a giant's head—the crest of the Little Lilliputs.

"Truly, Rodolph, we have received some scratch in the chace to-day, and need your as-

sistance. The best of surgeons we assure you, Mr. Grey, if you require one:—and look you that the blue chamber be prepared for this gentleman; and we shall have need of our Cabinet this evening. See that all this be done, and inform Prince Maximilian that we would speak with him. And look you, Master Rodolph, there is one in this company,—what call you your servant's name, Sir?—Essper George! 'tis well: look you, Rodolph, see that our friend Essper George be well provided for. We know that we can trust him to your good care. And now, gentlemen, at sunset we meet in the Giants' Hall." So saying, his Highness bowed to the party; and taking Vivian by the arm, and followed by Arnelm and Von Neuwied, he ascended a staircase which opened into the court, and then mounted into a covered gallery which ran round the whole building. The interior wall of the gallery was alternately ornamented with stags' heads, or other trophies of the chace; and coats of arms blazoned in stucco. The Prince did the honours of the castle to Vivian with great courtesy. The armoury, and the hall, the

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knight's chamber, and even the donjon-keep were all examined; and when Vivian had sufficiently admired the antiquity of the structure, and the beauty of the situation, the Prince, having proceeded down a long corridor, opened the door into a small chamber which he introduced to Vivian as his Cabinet. The furniture of this room was rather quaint, and not unpleasing. The wainscoat and ceiling were painted alike, of a very light green colour, and were richly carved and gilt. The walls were hung with dark green velvet, of which costly material were also the chairs, and a sofa, which was placed under a large and curiously cut looking-glass. The lower panes of the windows of this room were of stained glass, of the most vivid tints; but the upper panes were untinged, in order that the light should not be disturbed which fell through them upon two magnificent pictures; one a hunting-piece by Schneiders, and the other a portrait of an armed chieftain on horseback, by Lucas Cranach.

And now the door opened, and Master Rodolph entered, carrying in his hand a white

wand, and bowing very reverently as he ushered in two servants bearing a cold collation. As he entered, it was with difficulty that he could settle his countenance into the due and requisite degree of gravity; and so often was the fat steward on the point of bursting into laughter, as he arranged the setting out of the refreshments on the table, that the Prince, with whom he was, at the same time, both a favourite and a butt, at last noticed his unusual and unmanageable risibility.

"Why, Rodolph, what ails thee? hast thou just discovered the point of some good saying of yesterday?"

The Steward could now contain his laughter no longer, and he gave vent to his emotion in a most treble "He! he! he!"

"Speak, man, in the name of St. Hubert, and on the word of as stout a huntsman as ever yet crossed horse. Speak, we say, what ails thee?"

"He! he! he! in truth, a most comical knave! I beg your Serene Highness ten thousand most humble pardons, but in truth a more

comical knave did I never see. How call you him? Essper George, I think, he! he! he! In truth, your Highness was right when you styled him a merry knave—in truth a most comical knave—he! he! he! a very funny knave! he! he! he! He says, your Highness, that I'm like a snake in a consumption! —he! he! he!—in truth a most comical knave!"

"Well, Rodolph, as long as you do not quarrel with his jokes, they shall pass as true wit. But why comes not our son?—Have you bidden the Prince Maximilian to our presence?"

"In truth have I, your Highness; but he was engaged at the moment with Mr. Sievers, and therefore he could not immediately attend my bidding; nevertheless, he bade me deliver to your Serene Highness his dutiful affection; saying, that he would soon have the honour of bending his knee unto your Serene Highness."

"He never said any such nonsense. At least, if he did, he must be much changed since last we hunted."

"In truth, your Highness, I cannot aver

upon my conscience as a faithful steward, that such were the precise words and exact phraseology of his Highness, the Prince Maximilian. But in the time of the good Prince, your father, whose memory be ever blessed, such were the words and style of message, which I was schooled and instructed by Mr. Von Lexicon, your Serene Highness's most honoured tutor, to bear unto the good Prince, your father, whose memory be ever blessed; when I had the great fortune of being your Serene Highness's most particular page, and it fell to my lot to have the pleasant duty of informing the good Prince, your father, whose memory be ever blessed——."

"Enough! enough! but Sievers is not Von Lexicon, and Maximilian, we trust, is ——."

"Papa! papa!—dearest papa!" shouted a young lad, as he dashed open the door; and rushing into the room, threw his arms round the Prince's neck.

"My darling!" said the father, forgetting at this moment of genuine feeling, the pompous plural in which he had hitherto spoken of him-

self. The Prince fondly kissed his child. The boy was about ten years of age, exquisitely handsome. Courage, not audacity, was imprinted on his noble features.

"Papa! may I hunt with you to-morrow?"

"What says Mr. Sievers?"

"Oh! Mr. Sievers says I am an excellent fellow; I assure you upon my honour he does. I heard you come home; but though I was dying to see you, I would not run out till I had finished my Roman History. I say, Papa! what a grand fellow Brutus was—what a grand thing it is to be a patriot! I intend to be a patriot myself, and to kill the Grand Duke of Reisenberg. Papa, who's that?"

"My friend, Max, Mr. Grey. Speak to him."

"I am very happy to see you at Turriparva, Sir," said the boy, bowing to Vivian with great dignity. "Have you been hunting with his Highness this morning?"

"I can hardly say I have."

"Max, I have received a slight wound today. Don't look alarmed—it is very slight.

I only mention it, because had it not been for this gentleman, it is very probable you would never have seen your father again. He has saved my life!"

"Saved your life! saved my papa's life!" said the young Prince, seizing Vivian's hand—"Oh! Sir, what can I do for you! Mr. Sievers!" said the boy, with great eagerness, to a gentleman who entered the room—"Mr. Sievers! here is a young lord who has saved papa's life!"

Mr. Sievers was a very tall, thin man, perhaps about forty, with a clear sallow complexion, a high forehead, on which a few wrinkles were visible, very bright keen eyes, narrow arched brows, and a quantity of grey curling hair, which was combed back off his forehead, and fell down over his shoulders. He was instantly introduced to Vivian as the Prince's most particular friend; and then he listened, apparently with great interest, to his Highness' narrative of the morning's adventure; his danger, and his rescue. Young Maximilian never took his large, dark-blue eyes off his

father while he was speaking; and when he had finished, the boy rushed to Vivian, and threw his arms round his neck. Vivian was delighted with the affection of the child, who whispered to him in a low voice—"I know what you are!"

"What, my young friend?"

"Ah! I know."

"But tell me!"

"You thought I shouldn't find out:—you're a—patriot!"

"I hope I am," said Vivian; "but travelling in a foreign country is hardly a proof of it. Perhaps you do not know that I am an Englishman."

"An Englishman!" said the child, with an air of great disappointment—"I thought you were a patriot! I am one. Do you know I'll tell you a secret. You must promise not to tell though. Promise—upon your word! Well then," said the urchin, whispering with great energy in Vivian's ear, through his hollow fist:—"I hate the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, and I mean to stab him to the heart;" so saying, the

little Prince grated his teeth with an expression of the most bitter detestation.

"What the devil is the matter with the child!" thought Vivian; but at this moment his conversation with him was interrupted.

"Am I to believe this young gentleman, my dear Sievers," asked the Prince, "when he tells me that his conduct has met your approbation?"

"Your son, Prince," answered Mr. Sievers, "can only speak truth. His excellence is proved by my praising him to his face."

The young Maximilian, when Mr. Sievers had ceased speaking, stood blushing, with his eyes fixed on the ground; and the delighted parent catching his child up in his arms, embraced him with unaffected fondness.

"And now, all this time Master Rodolph is waiting for his patient. By St. Hubert, you can none of you think me very ill! Your pardon, Mr. Grey, for leaving you. My friend Sievers will, I am sure, be delighted to make you feel at ease at Turriparva. Max, come with me!"

Vivian found in Mr. Sievers a very interesting companion; nothing of the pedant, and much of the philosopher. Their conversation was of course chiefly on topics of local interest, anecdotes of the castle and the country, of Vivian's friends the drunken Johannisberger and his crew, and such matters; but there was a keenness of satire in some of Mr. Seivers's observations which was highly amusing, and enough passed to make Vivian desire opportunities of conversing with him at greater length, and on subjects of greater interest. They were at present disturbed by Essper George entering the room to inform Vivian that his luggage had arrived from the village; and that the blue-chamber was now prepared for his presence.

"We shall meet, I suppose, in the Hall, Mr. Sievers?"

"No, I shall not dine there. If you remain at Turriparva, which I trust you will, I shall be happy to see you in my room. If it have no other inducement to gain it the honour of your visit, it has here, at least, the recommenda-

tion of singularity; there is, at any rate, no other chamber like it in this good castle."

The business of the toilet is sooner performed for a hunting party in a German forest, than for a state dinner at Château Desir; and Vivian was ready long before he was summoned.

"His Serene Highness has commenced his progress towards the hall," announced Essper George to Vivian, in a very treble voice, and bowing with great ceremony as he offered to lead the way, with a long white wand waving in his right hand.

"I shall attend his Highness," said his master; "but before I do, if that white wand be not immediately laid aside, it will be broken about your back."

"Broken about my back! what, the wand of office of your Highness' steward! Master Rodolph says that, in truth, a steward is but half himself who hath not his wand. Methinks when his rod of office is wanting, his Highness of Lilliput's steward is but unequally divided. In truth he is stout enough to be Aaron's wand.

that swallowed up all the rest. But has your Nobleness really any serious objection to my carrying a wand? It gives such an air! I really thought your Highness could have no serious objection. It cost me a good hour's talking with Master Rodolph to gain his permission. I was obliged to swear that he was a foot taller than myself, ere he would consent; and then only on the condition that my wand should be full twelve inches shorter than his own. The more 's the pity," continued Essper: "it spoils the sport, and makes me seem but half a steward after all. By the honour of my mother! it shall go hard with me if I do not pick the pith of his rush this night! Twelve inches shorter! you must have a conscience, Master Rodolph!

"Come, come, silence! and no more of this frippery."

"No, your Highness, not a word, not a word: —but twelve inches, your Highness—twelve inches shorter, what do you think of that? Twelve inches shorter than Master Rodolph's

—Master Rodolph, forsooth !—Master Treble-Paunch ! If he had as much brains in his head, as he has something else in his body, why then, your Highness——"

"No more, no more !"

"Not a word, not a word, your Highness ! Not a word should your Highness ever have heard, but for the confounded folly of this goggle-eyed gander of a steward :—twelve inches, in good truth !—Why, twelve inches, your Highness—twelve inches is no trifle—twelve inches is a size—twelve inches is only six shorter than the Grand Duke of Schoss Johannisberger's nose."

"It matters little, Essper, for I shall tolerate no such absurdities."

"Your Highness is the best judge—it isn't for me to differ witn your Highness. I am not arguing for the wand; I am only saying, your Highness, that if that overgrown anchovy, whom they call Master Rodolph, had shown a little more sense upon the occasion, why then I should have had a better opinion of his judg-

ment; as it is, the day he can tell me the morrow of Easter eve, I'll make a house-steward of a Michaelmas goose."

The Giants' Hall was a Gothic chamber of imposing appearance. The oaken rafters of the curiously carved roof rested on the grim heads of gigantic figures of the same material. These statues extended the length of the hall on each side; they were elaborately sculptured and highly polished, and each one held in its outstretched arm a blazing and aromatic torch. Above them, small windows of painted glass admitted a light which was no longer necessary at the banquet to which I am now about to introduce the reader. Over the great entrance doors was a gallery, from which a band of trumpeters, arrayed in ample robes of flowing scarlet, sent forth many a festive and martial strain. More than fifty individuals, all wearing hunting-dresses of green cloth on which the giant's head was carefully emblazoned, were already seated in the hall when Vivian entered. He was conducted to the upper part of the

chamber, and a seat was allotted him on the left hand of the Prince. His Highness had not arrived, but a chair of state, placed under a crimson canopy, denoted the style of its absent owner; and a stool, covered with velvet of the same regal colour and glistening with gold lace, announced that the presence of Prince Maximilian was expected. While Vivian was musing in astonishment at the evident affectation of royal pomp which pervaded the whole establishment of the Prince of Little Lilliput, the trumpeters in the gallery suddenly commenced a triumphant flourish. All rose as the princely procession entered the hall. First came Master Rodolph, twirling his white wand with the practised pride of a drum-major, and looking as pompous as a turkey-cock in a storm. Six footmen in splendid liveries, two by two, immediately followed him. A page heralded the Prince Maximilian, and then came the Serene father; the Jagd Junker, and four or five other gentlemen of the court formed the suite.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

His Highness ascended the throne, Prince Maximilian was on his right, and Vivian had the high honour of the left hand; the Jagd Junker seated himself next to our hero. The table was profusely covered, chiefly with the sports of the forest, and the celebrated wild boar was not forgotten. Few minutes had elapsed ere Vivian perceived that his Highness was always served on bended knee. Surprised at this custom, which even the mightiest and most despotic monarchs seldom exact, and still more surprised at the contrast which all this state afforded to the natural ease and affable amiability of the Prince, Vivian ventured to ask his neighbour Arnelm whether the banquet of to-day was in celebration of any particular event of general or individual interest.

"By no means," said the Jagd Junker; "this is the usual style of the Prince's daily meal, except that to-day there is perhaps rather less state and fewer guests than usual; in consequence of many of our fellow subjects having left us with the purpose of attending a great hunting party, which is now being held in the dominions

of his Highness's cousin, the Duke of Micromegas."

When the more necessary, but, as most hold, the less-delightful part of banquetting was over, and the numerous serving-men had removed the more numerous dishes of wild boar, red deer, kid, and winged game; a stiff Calvinistic-looking personage rose, and delivered a long, and most grateful grace, to which the sturdy huntsmen listened with a due mixture of piety and impatience. When his starch Reverence, who in his black coat looked, among the huntsmen very like, as Essper George observed, a black-bird among a set of moulting canaries, had finished,—an old man, with long snow-white hair, and a beard of the same colour, rose from his seat; and with a glass in his hand, bowing first to his Highness with great respect, and then to his companions with an air of condescension, gave in a stout voice, "The Prince!" A loud shout was immediately raised, and all quaffed with rapture the health of a ruler whom evidently they adored. Master Rodolph now brought forward an immense silver goblet, full of some crafty com-

pound, from its odour doubtless delicious. The Prince held the goblet by its two massy handles, and then said in a loud voice :—

"My friends! the Giant's Head! and he who sneers at its frown, may he rue its bristles!"

The toast was welcomed with a loud cry of triumph. When the noise had subsided, the Jagd Junker rose; and prefacing the intended pledge by a few observations, as remarkable for the delicacy of their sentiments as the elegance of their expréssion, he gave, pointing to Vivian, "The Guest! and may the Prince never want a stout arm at a strong push!" The sentiment was again echoed by the lusty voices of all present, and particularly by his Highness. As Vivian shortly returned thanks and modestly apologized for the German of a foreigner, he could not refrain from remembering the last time when he was placed in the same situation. It was when the treacherous Earl of Courtown had drank success to Mr. Vivian Grey's maiden speech in a bumper of claret, at the political orgies of Château Desir. Could he really, in very fact, be the same individual as the bold,

dashing, fearless youth, who then organized the crazy councils of those ambitious, imbecile greybeards? What was he then? What had happened since? What was he now? He turned from the comparison with feelings of sickening disgust, and it was with difficulty that his countenance could assume the due degree of hilarity which befitted the present occasion.

"Truly, Mr. Grey," said the Prince; "your German would pass current at Weimar. Arnelm, good cousin Arnelm, we must trouble thy affectionate duty to marshal and regulate the drinking devoirs of our kind subjects to-night; for by the advice of our trusty surgeon, Master Rodolph, of much fame, we shall refrain this night from our accustomed potations, and betake ourselves to the solitude of our Cabinet—a solitude in good sooth, unless we can persuade you to accompany us, kind Sir," said the Prince, turning to Mr. Grey. "Methinks eight-and-forty hours without rest, and a good part spent in the mad walls of our cousin of Johannisberger, are hardly the best preparatives for a drinking bout. Unless, after Oberon's horn, ye

may fairly be considered to be in practice. Nevertheless, I advise the Cabinet and a cup of Rodolph's coffee. What sayest thou?" Vivian acceded to the Prince's proposition with eager pleasure; and accompanied by Prince Maximilian, and preceded by the little Steward, who, surrounded by his serving-men, very much resembled a planet eclipsed by his satellites, they left the Hall.

"'Tis almost a pity to shut out the moon on such a night," said the Prince, as he drew a large green velvet curtain from the windows of the Cabinet.

"'Tis certainly a magnificent night!" said Vivian; "How fine the effect of the light is upon the picture of the warrior. I declare the horse seems quite living, and its fierce rider actually frowns upon us."

"He may well frown," said the Prince of Little Lilliput, in a voice of deep melancholy; and he hastily redrew the curtain. In a moment he started from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and again admitted the

moonlight. "Am I really afraid of an old picture? No, no, it has not yet come to that."

This was uttered in a very distinct voice, and of course excited the astonishment of Vivian; who, however, had too much discretion to evince his surprise, or to take any measure by which his curiosity might be satisfied.

His companion seemed instantly conscious of the seeming singularity of his expression.

"You are surprised at my words, good Sir," said his Highness, as he paced very rapidly up and down the small chamber; "you are surprised at my words; but, Sir, my ancestor's brow was guarded by a diadem!"

"Which was then well won, Prince, and is now worthily worn."

"By whom? where? how?" asked the Prince, in a very rapid voice. "Maximilian," continued his Highness, in a more subdued tone; "Maximilian, my own love, leave us—go to Mr. Sievers—God bless you, my only boy—good night!"

"Good night, dearest Papa, and down with the Grand Duke of Reisenburg!"

"He echoes the foolish zeal of my fond followers," said the Prince, as his son left the room. "The idle parade to which their illegal loyalty still clings—my own manners, the relics of former days—habits will not change like stations—all these have deceived you, Sir. You have mistaken me for a monarch; I should be one. A curse light on me the hour I can mention it without a burning blush. Oh, shame! —shame on the blood of my father's son! Can my mouth own that I once was one? Yes, Sir! you see before you the most injured, the least enviable of human beings—I am a MEDIATISED PRINCE!"

Vivian had resided too long in Germany to be ignorant of the meaning of this title; with which, as most probably few of my readers are acquainted, I may be allowed for a moment to disturb the tête-à-tête in the Cabinet—merely, as a wordy and windy orator preliminarily protests, when he is about to bore the house with an harangue of five hours—merely to say, "just

one single word." A mediatised Prince is an unhappy victim of those Congresses, which, among other good and evil, purged with great effect the ancient German political system. By the regulations then determined on, that country was freed at one fell swoop from the vexatious and harassing dominion of the various petty Princes who exercised absolute sovereignties over little nations of fifty thousand souls. These independent sovereigns became subjects; and either swelled, by their mediatization, the territories of some already powerful potentate, or transmuted into a state of importance some more fortunate petty ruler than themselves; whose independence, through the exertions of political intrigue or family influence, had been preserved inviolate. In most instances, the concurrence of these little rulers in their worldly degradation was obtained by a lavish grant of official emoluments or increase of territorial possessions,—and the mediatised prince, instead of being an impoverished and uninfluential sovereign, became a wealthy and powerful subject. But so dominant in the heart of man is the

love of independent dominion, that even with these temptations, few of the petty princes could have been induced to have parted with their cherished sceptres, had they not been conscious, that in case of contumacy, the resolutions of a Diet would have been enforced by the armies of an Emperor. As it is, few of them have yet given up the outward and visible signs of regal sway. The throne is still preserved, and the tiara still revered. They seldom frequent the Courts of their sovereigns, and scarcely condescend to notice the attentions of their fellow-nobility. Most of them expend their increased revenues in maintaining the splendour of their little courts at their ancient capitals; or in swelling the ranks of their retainers at their solitary forest castles.

The Prince of Little Lilliput was the first mediatised sovereign that Vivian had ever met. At another time, and under other circumstances, he might have smiled at the idle parade and useless pomp which he had this day witnessed; or moralized on that weakness of human nature which seemed to consider the inconvenient ap-

pendages of a throne, as the great end for which power was to be coveted: but at the present moment he only saw a kind, and, as he believed, estimable individual disquieted and distressed. It was painful to witness the agitation of the Prince; and Vivian felt it necessary to make some observations, which from his manner expressed much, though in fact they meant nothing.

"Sir," said his Highness; "your sympathy consoles me. Do not imagine that I can misunderstand it—it does you honour. You add, by this, to the many favours you have already conferred on me, by saving my life and accepting my hospitality. I trust, I sincerely hope, that your departure hence will be postponed to the last possible moment. Your conversation and your company, have made me pass a more cheerful day than I am accustomed to. All here love me; but with the exception of Sievers, I have no companion; and although I esteem his principles and his talents, there is no congeniality in our tastes, or in our tempers. As for the rest, a more devoted band cannot be con-

ceived; but they think only of one thing—the lost dignity of their ruler; and although this concentration of their thoughts on one subject may gratify my pride, it does not elevate my spirits. But this is a subject on which in future we will not converse. One of the curses of my unhappy lot is, that a thousand circumstances daily occur which prevent me forgetting it."

The Prince rose from the table, and pressing with his right hand on part of the wall, the door of a small closet sprung open. The interior was lined with crimson velvet. He took out of it a cushion of the same regal material, on which reposed, in solitary magnificence, a golden coronet of antique workmanship.

"The crown of my fathers!" said his Highness, as he placed the treasure, with great reverence, on the table; "won by fifty battles and lost without a blow! Yet, in my youth I was deemed no dastard: and I have shed more blood for my country in one day, than he who claims to be my suzerain, in the whole of his long career of undeserved prosperity. Ay! this, this is the curse—the ancestor of my pre-

sent sovereign was that warrior's serf!" The Prince pointed to the grim chieftain, whose stout helmet Vivian now perceived was encircled by a crown, exactly similar to the one which was now lying before him. "Had I been the subject—had I been obliged to acknowledge the sway of a Cæsar, I might have endured it with resignation:—had I been forced to yield to the legions of an Emperor, a noble resistance might have consoled me for the clanking of my chains; but to sink without a struggle, the victim of political intrigue—to become the bondsman of one who was my father's slave; for such was Reisenburg—even in my own remembrance, our unsuccessful rival. This, this was too bad; it rankles in my heart; and unless I can be revenged, I shall sink under it. To have lost my dominions would have been nothing. But revenge I will have! It is yet in my power to gain for an enslaved people, the liberty I have myself lost. Yes! the enlightened spirit of the age shall yet shake the quavering councils of the Reisenburg cabal. I will, in truth I *have* al-

ready seconded the just, the unanswerable, demands of an oppressed and insulted people; and ere six months are over, I trust to see the convocation of a free and representative council, in the capital of the petty monarch to whom I have been betrayed. The chief of Reisenburg has, in his eagerness to gain his grand ducal crown, somewhat overstepped the mark.

"Besides myself, there are no less than three other powerful princes, whose dominions have been devoted to the formation of his servile Duchy. We are all animated by the same spirit,—all intent upon the same end. We have all used, and are using, our influence as powerful nobles, to gain for our fellow-subjects their withheld rights,—rights which belong to them as men, not merely as Germans. Within this week I have forwarded to the Residence a memorial subscribed by myself, my relatives, the other princes, and a powerful body of discontented nobles; requesting the immediate grant of a constitution similar to those of Wirtemburg and Bavaria. My companions in misfortune are inspirited by my joining them. Had

I been wise, I should have joined them sooner; but until this moment, I have been the dupe of the artful conduct of an unprincipled Minister My eyes, however, are now open. The Grand Duke and his crafty counsellor, whose name shall not profane my lips, already tremble. Part of the people, emboldened by our representations, have already refused to answer an unconstitutional taxation. I have no doubt that he must yield. Whatever may be the inclination of the Courts of Vienna or St. Petersburg, rest assured that the liberty of Germany will meet with no opponent except political intrigue; and that Metternich is too well acquainted with the spirit which is now only slumbering in the bosom of the German nation, to run the slightest risk of exciting it by the presence of foreign legions. No, no! that mode of treatment may do very well for Naples, or Poland, or Spain; but the moment that a Croat or a Cossack shall encamp upon the Rhine or the Elbe, for the purpose of supporting the unadulterated tyranny of their new-fangled Grand Dukes, that moment Germany becomes a great and united na-

tion. The greatest enemy of the prosperity of Germany is the natural disposition of her sons; but that disposition, while it does now, and may for ever, hinder us from being a great people, will at the same time infallibly prevent us from ever becoming a degraded one."

At this moment, this moment of pleasing anticipation of public virtue and private revenge, Master Rodolph entered, and prevented Vivian from gaining any details of the history of his host. The little round steward informed his master that a horseman had just arrived, bearing for his Highness a dispatch of importance, which he insisted upon delivering into the Prince's own hands.

"Whence comes he?" asked his Highness.

"In truth, your Serene Highness, that were hard to say,—inasmuch as the messenger refuses to inform us."

"Admit him."

A man whose jaded looks proved that he had travelled far that day, was soon ushered into the room; and bowing to the Prince, delivered to him, in silence, a letter.

"From whom comes this?" asked the Prince.

"It will itself inform your Highness," was the only answer.

"My friend, you are a trusty messenger, and have been well trained. Rodolph, look that this gentleman be well lodged and attended."

"I thank your Highness," said the messenger, "but I do not tarry here. I wait no answer, and my only purpose in seeing you was to perform my commission to the letter, by delivering this paper into your own hands."

"As you please, Sir; you must be the best judge of your own time; but we like not strangers to leave our gates while our drawbridge is yet echoing with their entrance steps."

The Prince and Vivian were again alone. Astonishment and agitation were very visible on his Highness' countenance as he dashed his eye over the letter. At length he folded it up, put it into his breast-pocket, and tried to resume conversation; but the effort was both evident and unsuccessful. In another moment the letter was again taken out, and again read with

not less emotion than accompanied its first perusal.

"I fear I have wearied you, Mr. Grey," said his Highness; "It was inconsiderate in me not to remember that you require repose."

Vivian was not sorry to have an opportunity of retiring, so he quickly took the hint, and wished his Highness agreeable dreams.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL TANJORE

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER IV.

No one but an adventurous traveller can know the luxury of sleep. There is not a greater fallacy in the world than the common creed that "sweet sleep is labour's guerdon." Mere regular, corporeal labour certainly procures us a good, sound, refreshing slumber, disturbed often by the consciousness of the monotonous duties of the morrow:—but how sleep the other great labourers of this laborious world? Where is the sweet sleep of the politician? After hours of fatigue in his office, and hours of exhaustion in the House, he gains his pillow; and a brief, feverish night, disturbed by the triumph of a cheer and the horrors of a reply. Where is the sweet sleep of the poet, or the

novelist? We all know how harassing are the common dreams which are made up of incoherent images of our daily life, in which the actors are individuals that we know, and whose conduct generally appears to be regulated by principles which we can comprehend. How much more enervating and destroying must be the slumber of that man who dreams of an imaginary world! waking, with a heated and excited spirit, to mourn over some impressive incident of the night, which is nevertheless forgotten; or to collect some inexplicable plot which has been revealed in sleep, and has fled from the memory as the eyelids have opened. Where is the sweet sleep of the artist?—of the lawyer? Where, indeed, of any human being to whom to-morrow brings its necessary duties? Sleep is the enemy of Care, and Care is the constant companion of regular labour, mental or bodily.

But your traveller, your adventurous traveller—careless of the future, reckless of the past—with a mind interested by the world, from the immense and various character which that world

presents to him, and not by his own stake in any petty or particular contingency; wearied by delightful fatigue, daily occasioned by varying means, and from varying causes; with the consciousness that no prudence can regulate the fortunes of the morrow, and with no curiosity to discover what those fortunes may be, from a conviction that it is utterly impossible to ascertain them; perfectly easy whether he lie in a mountain-hut or a royal palace; and reckless alike of the terrors and chances of storm and bandits; seeing that he has as fair a chance of meeting, both with security and enjoyment—this is the fellow who, throwing his body upon a down couch or his mule's packsaddle, with equal eagerness and equal sang-froid, sinks into a repose, in which he is never reminded by the remembrance of an appointment or an engagement for the next day, a duel, a marriage, or a dinner, the three perils of man, that he has the misfortune of being mortal; and wakes, not to combat care, but only to feel that he is fresher and more vigorous than he was the night before; and that come what come may,

he is, at any rate, sure this day of seeing different faces, and of improvising his unpremeditated part upon a different scene.

I have now both philosophically accounted, and politely apologized, for the loud and unfashionable snore which sounded in the blue chamber about five minutes after Vivian Grey had entered that most comfortable apartment. In about twelve hours time he was scolding Essper George for having presumed to wake him so early, quite unconscious that he had enjoyed any thing more than a twenty minutes' doze.

"I should not have come in, Sir, only they are all out. They were off by six o'clock this morning, Sir; most part at least. The Prince has gone; I don't know whether he went with them, but Master Rodolph has given me—I breakfasted with Master Rodolph.—Holy Virgin! your Highness, what quarters we have got into; the finest venison pasties, corned beef, hare soup, cherry sauce——"

"To the point, to the point, my good Essper; what of the Prince?"

"His Highness has left the Castle, and desired Master Rodolph—if your Grace had only seen Master Rodolph tipsy last night: hah! hah! hah! he rolled about like a turbot in a tornado."

"What of the Prince, Essper; what of the Prince?"

"His Highness, your Grace, has left the Castle; and Master Rodolph, who, by the bye——"

"No more of Master Rodolph, Sir; what of the Prince?"

Your Highness won't hear me. The Prince desired Master Rodolph—if your Highness had only seen him last night—I beg pardon, I beg pardon—the Prince, God bless him for his breakfast; the finest venison pasties, corned beef, hare soup, cherry sauce—I beg pardon, I beg pardon—the Prince desired this letter to be given to your Highness."

Vivian read the note, which supposed that, of course, he would not wish to join the chase this morning, and regretted that the writer was obliged to ride out for a few hours to visit

a neighbouring nobleman, but requested the pleasure of his guest's company at a private dinner in the Cabinet, on his return.

After breakfast Vivian called on Mr. Sievers. He found that gentleman busied in his library.

" These are companions, Mr. Grey," said he, pointing to his well-stored shelves, " that I ever find interesting. I hope, from the mysterious account of my retreat which I gave you yesterday, that you did not expect to be introduced to the sanctum of an old conjuror; but the truth is, the cell of a magician could not excite more wonder at Turriparva than does the library of a scholar."

"I assure you, Sir," said Vivian, " that nothing in the world could give me greater pleasure than to pass a morning with you in this retreat. Though born and bred in a library, my life, for the last two years, has been of so very adventurous a nature, that I have seldom had the opportunity of recurring to those studies which once alone occupied my thoughts: and your collection, too, is quite after my heart—Politics and Philosophy."

Vivian was sincere in his declaration; and he had not for a long time passed a couple of hours with more delight than he did this morning with Mr. Sievers; who, at the same time that he was a perfect master of principles, was also a due reverencer of facts: a philosophical antiquarian, in the widest and worthiest acceptation of the title; one who extracted from his deep knowledge of the past, beneficial instruction for the present.

"Come," said Mr. Sievers, "enough of the superstitions of the middle ages; after all, *superstition* is a word that it hardly becomes a philosopher to use: nothing is more fatal in disquisition than terms which cannot be defined, and to which different meanings are attached, according to the different sentiments of different persons. A friend of mine once promised to give us a volume on 'The Modes of Belief of the Middle Ages.' I always thought it a very delicate and happy title, a most philosophically-chosen phrase. I augured well of the volume; but it has never appeared. Some men are great geniuses at a title-page! And to

give a good title to a book does, indeeed, require genius. I remember when I was a student at Leipsic, there was an ingenious bookseller in that city who was a great hand at title-making. He published every year magnificent lists of works 'in the press.' At first, these catalogues produced an immense sensation throughout Germany, since there was scarcely a subject that could possibly interest mankind, which was not to be discussed in a forthcoming volume. The list always regularly began with an epic poem: it as regularly contained some learned history, in ten volumes, quarto—a grand tragedy—a first-rate historical novel—works on criticism, natural philosophy, general literature, politics, and on every other subject that you can possibly conceive, down to a new almanack for the coming year. Not one of these works ever appeared. Such treatment, after our appetites had been so keenly excited, was really worse than the Barmecide's conduct to the Barber's brother. It was like asking a party of men to dine with you at some Restaurateur's in the

Palais Royal, and then presenting to each of them for dinner—a copy of the carte."

"You never hunt, I suppose, Mr. Sievers?"

"Never, never. His Highness is, I imagine, out this morning; the beautiful weather continues; surely we never had such a season. As for myself, I almost have given up my in-door pursuits. The sun is not the light of study. Let us take our caps, and have a stroll."

The gentlemen accordingly left the library, and proceeding through a different gate to that by which Vivian had entered the castle, they came upon a part of the forest in which the timber and brushwood had been in a great measure cleared away; large clumps of trees being left standing on an artificial lawn, and newly-made roads winding about in pleasing irregularity until they were all finally lost in the encircling woods.

"I think you told me," said Mr. Sievers, "that you had been long in Germany. What course do you think of taking from here?"

"Straight to Vienna."

"Ah! a delightful place. If, as I suppose to be the case, you are fond of dissipation and luxury, Vienna is to be preferred to any city with which I am acquainted. And intellectual companions are not wanting there, as some have said. There are one or two houses in which the literary soirées will yield to none in Europe; and I prefer them to any, because there is less pretension, and more ease. The Archduke John is really a man of considerable talents, and of more considerable acquirements. A most admirable geologist! Are you fond of geology?"

"I am not the least acquainted with the science."

"Naturally so—at your age if, in fact, we study at all, we are fond of fancying ourselves moral philosophers, and our study is mankind. Trust me, my dear Sir, it is a branch of research soon exhausted; and in a few years you will be very glad, for want of something else to do, to meditate upon stones. See now," said Mr. Sievers, picking up a stone, "to what as-

sociations does this little piece of quartz give rise! I am already an antediluvian, and instead of a stag bounding by that wood, I witness the moving mass of a mammoth. I live in other worlds which, at the same time, I have the advantage of comparing with the present. Geology is indeed a magnificent study! What excites more the imagination? What exercises more the mind? Can you conceive any thing sublimer than the gigantic shadows, and the grim wreck of an antediluvian world? Can you devise any plan which will more brace our powers and develope our mental energies, than the formation of a perfect chain of inductive reasoning to account for these phenomena? What is the boasted communion which the vain poet holds with Nature, compared with the conversation which the geologist perpetually carries on with the elemental world? Gazing on the strata of the earth, he reads the fate of his species. In the undulations of the mountains is revealed to him the history of the past; and in the strength of rivers, and the powers of the air, he discovers the fortunes of the future. To

him, indeed, that future, as well as the past and the present, are alike matter for meditation: for the geologist is the most satisfatory of antiquarians, the most interesting of philosophers, and the most inspired of prophets; demonstrating that which has past by discovery, that which is occurring by observation, and that which is to come by induction. When you go to Vienna I will give you a letter to Frederic Schlegel; we were fellow-students, and are friends, though for various reasons we do not at present meet; nevertheless a letter from me will command proper respect. I should advise you, however, before you go on to Vienna to visit Reisenburg."

"Indeed! from the Prince's account I should have thought that there was little to interest me there."

"His Highness is not an impartial judge. You are probably acquainted with the disagreeable manner in which he is connected with that Court. Far from his opinion being correct, or his advice in this particular to be followed, I should say there are few places in Germany

more worthy of a visit than the little Court near us; and above all things in the world, my advice is that you should not pass it over."

"I am inclined to follow your advice. You are right in supposing that I am not ignorant that his Highness has the misfortune of being a mediatised Prince; but what is the exact story about him? I have heard some odd rumours, some vague expressions, some——"

"Oh! don't you know it all? It's a curious story, but I'm afraid you'll find it rather long. Nevertheless, if you really visit Reisenburg, it may be of use to you to know something of the singular characters you will meet there; and our present conversation, if it do not otherwise interest you will, at least on this score, give you all requisite information. In the first place, you say you know that Little Lilliput is a mediatised Prince; and, of course, are precisely aware what that title means. About fifty years ago, the rival of the illustrious family, in whose chief castle we are both of us now residing, was the Margrave of Reisenberg, another petty Prince, with territories not so extensive as

those of our friend, and with a population more limited: perhaps fifty thousand souls, half of whom were drunken cousins. The old Margrave of Reisenberg who then reigned, was a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned, narrow-minded, brutal, bigoted, German Prince; he did nothing but hunt, and drink, and think of the ten thousand quarterings of his immaculate shield, all duly acquired from some Vandal ancestor as barbarous as himself. His little Margravinate was misgoverned enough for a great Empire. Half of his nation, who were his real people, were always starving, and were unable to find crown pieces to maintain the extravagant expenditure of the other moiety, the five-and-twenty thousand cousins; who, out of gratitude to their fellow-subjects for their generous support, or as a punishment for their unreasonable unwillingness to starve, in order that the cousins might drink, harassed them with every species of brutal excess. Complaints were of course immediately made to the Margrave, and loud cries for justice resounded at the palace gates. This Prince was a most impartial chief

magistrate; he prided himself especially upon his 'invariable' principles of justice, and he allowed nothing to influence or corrupt his decisions. His infallible plan for arranging all differences had the merit of being brief; and if brevity be the soul of wit, it certainly was most unreasonable in his subjects to consider his judgments no joke. He always counted the quarterings in the shields of the respective parties, and decided accordingly. Imagine the speedy redress gained by a muddy-veined peasant against one of the cousins; who, of course, had as many quarterings as the Margrave himself. The defendant was always regularly acquitted. At length, a man's house having been burnt down out of mere joke in the night, the owner had the temerity in the morning to accuse one of the five-and-twenty thousand; and produced, at the same time, a shield with ten thousand and one quarterings, exactly one more than the reigning shield itself contained. The Margrave was astounded, the nation in raptures, and the five-and-twenty thousand cousins in despair. The complainant's

shield was examined and counted, and not a flaw discovered. What a dilemma! The chief magistrate consulted with the numerous branches of his family, and the next morning the complainant's head was struck off for high treason, for daring to have one more quartering than his monarch!

"In this way they passed their time about fifty years since in Reisenburg: occasionally, for the sake of variety, declaring war against the inhabitants of Little Lilliput; who, to say the truth, in their habits and pursuits did not materially differ from their neighbours. The Margrave had one son, the present Grand Duke. A due reverence of the great family shield, and a full acquaintance with the 'invariable principles' of justice were early instilled into him; and the royal stripling made such rapid progress under the tuition of his amiable parent, that he soon became highly popular with his five-and-twenty thousand cousins. At length his popularity became troublesome to his father; and so the old Margrave sent for his son one morning, and informed him that he had dreamed the preceding

night that the air of Reisenburg was peculiarly unwholesome for young persons, and therefore he begged him to get out of his dominions as soon as possible. The young prince had no objection to see something of the world, and so with dutiful affection he immediately complied with the royal order, without putting his cousins' loyalty to the test. He flew to a relative whom he had never before visited. This nobleman was one of those individuals who anticipate their age, which, by the bye, Mr. Grey, none but noblemen should do; for he who anticipates his century, is generally persecuted when living, and is always pilfered when dead. Howbeit, this relation was a philosopher; all about him thought him mad; he, in return, thought all about him fools. He sent the Prince to an University, and gave him for a tutor, a young man about ten years older than his pupil. This person's name was Beckendorff. —You will hear more of him.

"About three years after the sudden departure of the young Prince, the old Margrave his father, and the then reigning Prince of Little

Lilliput, shot each other through the head in a drunken brawl, after a dinner given in honour of a proclamation of peace between the two countries. The five-and-twenty thousand cousins were not much grieved, as they anticipated a fit successor in their former favourite. Splendid preparations were made for the reception of the inheritor of ten thousand quarterings, and all Reisenburg was poured out to witness the triumphant entrance of their future monarch. At last two horsemen, in plain dresses, and on very indifferent steeds, rode up to the palace-gates, dismounted, and without making any enquiry, ordered the attendance of some of the chief nobility in the presence-chamber. One of them, a young man, without any preparatory explanation introduced the Reisenburg chieftains to his companion as his Prime Minister; and commanded them immediately to deliver up their porte-feuilles and golden keys to Mr. Beckendorff. The nobles were in dismay, and so astounded that they made no resistance; though the next morning they started in their beds, when they remembered that they had

delivered their insignia of office to a man without a *von* before his name. They were soon, however, roused from their sorrow and their stupor, by receiving a peremptory order to quit the palace; and as they retired from the walls which they had long considered as their own, they had the mortification of meeting crowds of the common people, their slaves and their victims, hurrying with joyful countenances and triumphant looks to the palace of their Prince; in consequence of an energetic proclamation for the redress of grievances, and an earnest promise to decide cases in future without examining the quarterings of the parties. In a week's time the five-and-twenty thousand cousins were all adrift. At length they conspired, but the conspiracy was tardy—they found their former servants armed, and they joined in a most unequal struggle; for their opponents were alike animated with hopes of the future, and with revenge for the past. The cousins got well beat, and this was not the worst; for Beckendorff took advantage of this unsuccessful treason, which he had himself fomented, and

forfeited all their estates; destroying in one hour the foul system which had palsied, for so many years, the energies of his master's subjects. In time, many of the chief nobility were restored to their honours and estates; but the power with which they were again invested was greatly modified, and the privileges of the Commons greatly increased. At this moment the French Revolution broke out—the French crossed the Rhine and carried all before them; and the Prince of Little Lilliput, among other true Germans, made a bold but fruitless resistance. The Margrave of Reisenburg, on the contrary, received the enemy with open arms—he raised a larger body of troops than his due contingent, and exerted himself in every manner to second the views of the Great Nation. In return for his services he was presented with the conquered principality of Little Lilliput, and some other adjoining lands; and the Margravinate of Reisenburg, with an increased territory and population, and governed with consummate wisdom, began to be considered the most flourishing of the petty states in the

quarter of the empire to which it belonged. On the contrary, our princely and patriotic friend, mortified by the degenerate condition of his country and the prosperity of his rival house, quitted Little Lilliput, and became one of those emigrant princes who abounded during the first years of the Revolution in all the northern courts of Europe. Napoleon soon appeared upon the stage; and vanquished Austria, with the French dictating at the gates of her capital, was no longer in a condition to support the dignity of the Empire. The policy of the Margrave of Reisenburg was as little patriotic, and quite as consistent, as before. Beckendorff became the constant and favoured counsellor of the French Emperor. It was chiefly by his exertions that the celebrated Confederation of the Rhine was carried into effect. The institution of this body excited among many Germans, at the time, loud expressions of indignation; but I believe few impartial and judicious men now look upon that league as any other than one, in the formation of which the most consummate statesmanship was exhibited. In fact

it prevented the subjugation of Germany to France, and by flattering the pride of Napoleon, it saved the decomposition of our Empire. But how this might be, it is not at present necessary for us to enquire. Certain, however, it was, that the pupil of Beckendorff was amply repaid for the advice and exertions of his master and his Minister; and when Napoleon fell, the brows of the former Margrave were encircled with a grand-ducal crown; and his duchy, while it contained upwards of a million and a half of inhabitants, numbered in its limits some of the most celebrated cities in Germany, and many of Germany's most flourishing provinces. But Napoleon fell. The Prince of Little Lilliput and his companions in patriotism and misfortune returned from their exile, panting with hope and vengeance. A Congress was held to settle the affairs of agitated Germany. Where was the Grand Duke of Reisenburg? His hard-earned crown tottered on his head. Where was his crafty Minister, the supporter of revolutionary France, the friend of its Imperial enslaver, the constant enemy of the House of

Austria? At the very Congress which, according to the expectations of the exiled Princes, was to restore them to their own dominions, and to reward their patriotic loyalty with the territories of their revolutionary brethren; yes! at this very congress was Beckendorff; not as a suppliant, not as a victim; but seated at the right hand of Metternich, and watching, with parental affection, the first interesting and infantine movements of that most prosperous of political bantlings—the Holy Alliance. You may well imagine that the military Grand Duke had a much better chance in political negociation than the emigrant Prince. In addition to this, the Grand Duke of Reisenburg had married, during the war, a Princess of a powerful House; and the allied Sovereigns were eager to gain the future aid and constant co-operation of a mind like Beckendorff's. The Prince of Little Lilliput, the patriot, was rewarded for his conduct by being restored to his forfeited possessions; and the next day he became the subject of his former enemy, the Grand Duke of Reisenburg, the traitor. What think you of Monsieur Beck-

endorff? He must be a curious gentleman, I imagine?"

"One of the most interesting characters I have long heard of. But his pupil appears to be a man of mind."

"You shall hear, you shall hear. I should however first mention, that while Beckendorff has not scrupled to resort to any measures, or adopt any opinions in order to further the interests of his monarch and his country, he has in every manner shown that personal aggrandisement has never been his object. He lives in the most perfect retirement, scarcely with an attendant, and his moderate official stipend amply supports his more moderate expenditure. The subjects of the Grand Duke may well be grateful that they have a Minister without relations, and without favourites. The Grand Duke is, unquestionably, a man of talents; but at the same time, perhaps, one of the most weak-minded men that ever breathed. He was fortunate in meeting with Beckendorff early in life; and as the influence of the Minister has not for a moment ceased over the

mind of the Monarch, to the world, the Grand Duke of Reisenburg has always appeared to be an individual of a strong mind and consistent conduct. But when you have lived as much, and as intimately in his court as I have done, you will find how easily the world may be deceived. Since the close connexion which now exists between Reisenburg and Austria took place, Beckendorff has, in a great degree, revived the ancient privileges of blood and birth. A Minister who has sprung from the people will always conciliate the aristocracy. Having no family influence of his own, he endeavours to gain the influence of others; and it often happens that merit is never less considered, than when merit has made the Minister. A curious instance of this occurs in a neighbouring state. There the Premier, decidedly a man of great talents, is of as low an origin as Beckendorff. With no family to uphold him, he supports himself by a lavish division of all the places and patronage of the state among the nobles. If the younger son or brother of a peer dare to sully his oratorical virginity by a chance observa-

tion in the Lower Chamber, the Minister, himself a real orator, immediately rises to congratulate in pompous phrase, the House and the Country on the splendid display which has made this night memorable; and on the decided advantages which must accrue both to their own resolutions and the national interests, from the future participation of his noble friend in their deliberations. All about him are young nobles, utterly unfit for the discharge of their respective duties. His private Secretary is unable to coin a sentence, almost to direct a letter, but he is noble!—The secondary officials cannot be trusted even in the least critical conjunctures, but they are noble!—And the Prime Minister of a powerful Empire is forced to rise early and be up late; not to meditate on the present fortunes or future destinies of his country, but by his personal exertions, to compensate for the inefficiency and expiate the blunders of his underlings, whom his unfortunate want of blood has forced him to overwhelm with praises which they do not deserve, and duties which they cannot discharge. I do not wish you to infer that the policy of

Beckendorff has been actuated by the feelings which influence the Minister whom I have noticed, from whose conduct in this very respect his own materially differs. On the contrary, his connexion with Austria is in all probability the primary great cause. However this may be, certain it is, that all offices about the Court and connected with the army, (and I need not remind you, that at a small German Court these situations are often the most important in the State,) can only be filled by the nobility; nor can any person who has the misfortune of not inheriting the magical monosyllable *von* before his name, which, as you know, like the French *de*, is the shibboleth of nobility, and the symbol of territorial pride, violate by their unhallowed presence the sanctity of Court dinners, or the as sacred ceremonies of a noble fête. But while a monopoly of those offices which for their due performance require only a showy exterior or a schooled address, is granted to the nobles, all those state charges which require the exercise of intellect, are now chiefly filled by the bourgeoisie. At the same

time, however, that both our Secretaries of State, many of our privy Councillors, war Councillors, forest Councillors, and finance Councillors, are to be reckoned among the second-class, still not one of these exalted individuals, who from their situations are necessarily in constant personal communication with the Sovereign, ever see that Sovereign except in his Cabinet and his Council-chamber. Beckendorff himself, the Premier, is the son of a peasant; and of course not noble. Nobility, which has been proffered him, not only by his own monarch, but by most of the sovereigns of Europe, he has invariably refused; and consequently never appears at Court. The truth is, that, from disposition, he is little inclined to mix with men; and he has taken advantage of his want of an escutcheon, completely to exempt himself from all those duties of etiquette which his exalted situation would otherwise have imposed upon him. None can complain of the haughtiness of the nobles, when, ostensibly, the Minister himself is not exempted from their exclusive regulations. If you go to Reisenburg, you will not therefore see Beckendorff, who lives, as I have mentioned, in perfect solitude,

about thirty miles from the capital; communicating only with his Royal master, the foreign Ministers, and one or two official characters of his own country. I was myself an inmate of the Court for upwards of two years. During that time I never saw the Minister; and, with the exception of some members of the royal family, and the characters I have mentioned, I never knew one person who had even caught a glimpse of the individual, who may indeed be said to be regulating their destinies.

"It is at the Court, then," continued Mr. Sievers, "when he is no longer under the control of Beckendorff, and in those minor points which are not subjected to the management or influenced by the mind of the Minister, that the true character of the Grand Duke is to be detected. Indeed it may really be said, that the weakness of his mind has been the origin of his fortune. In his early youth, his pliant temper adapted itself without a struggle to the barbarous customs and the brutal conduct of his father's Court: that same pliancy of temper prevented him opposing with bigoted obsti-

nacy the exertions of his relation to educate and civilise him; that same pliancy of temper allowed him to become the ready and the enthusiastic disciple of Beckendorff. Had the pupil, when he ascended the throne, left his master behind him, it is very probable that his natural feelings would have led him to oppose the French; and at this moment, instead of being the first, of the second-rate powers of Germany, the Grand Duke of Reisenburg might himself have been a mediatised Prince. As it was, the same pliancy of temper which I have noticed, enabled him to receive Napoleon, when an Emperor, with outstretched arms; and at this moment does not prevent him from receiving, with equal rapture, the Imperial Archduchess, who will soon be on her road from Vienna to espouse his son—for, to crown his wonderful career, Beckendorff has successfully negotiated a marriage between a daughter of the house of Austria and the Crown Prince*

* *Hereditary Prince* is, I believe, in all cases, the correct style of the eldest son of a German Grand Duke. I have not used a title which would not be understood by the English Reader.—*Crown Prince* is also a German title; but, in strictness, only assumed by the son of a King.

of Reisenburg. It is generally believed that the next step of the Diet will be to transmute the father's Grand Ducal coronet into a Regal crown; and perhaps, my good Sir, before you reach Vienna, you may have the supreme honour of being presented to his Majesty the King of Reisenburg."

"Beckendorff's career, you may well style wonderful. But when you talk only of his pupil's pliancy of temper, am I to suppose, that in mentioning his talents you were speaking ironically?"

"By no means! The Grand Duke is a brilliant scholar; a man of refined taste; a real patron of the fine arts; a lover of literature; a promoter of science; and what the world would call a philosopher.—His judgment is sound, and generally correct—his powers of discrimination singularly acute—and his knowledge of mankind greater than that of most sovereigns: but with all these advantages, he is cursed with such a wavering and indecisive temper, that when, which is usually the case, he has come to a right conclusion, he can never prevail upon himself to carry his theory into practice; and with all

his acuteness, his discernment, and his knowledge of the world, his mind is always ready to receive any impression from the person who last addresses him; though he himself be fully aware of the inferiority of his adviser's intellect to his own, or the imperfection of that adviser's knowledge. Never for a moment out of the sight of Beckendorff, the royal pupil has made a most admirable political puppet; since his own talents have always enabled him to understand the part which the Minister had forced him to perform. Thus the world has given the Grand Duke credit, not only for the possession of great talents, but almost for as much firmness of mind and decision of character as his Minister. But since his long-agitated career has become calm and tranquil, and Beckendorff, like a guardian spirit, has ceased to be ever at his elbow, the character of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg begins to be understood. His Court has been, and still is, frequented by all the men of genius in Germany, who are admitted without scruple, even if they be not noble. But the astonishing thing is, that the Grand Duke is always surrounded by every species of political and phi-

losophical quack that you can imagine.—Discussion on a free press, on the reformation of the criminal code, on the abolition of commercial duties, and suchlike interminable topics, are perpetually resounding within the palace of this arbitrary Prince; and the people, fired by the representations of the literary and political journals with which Reisenburg abounds, and whose bold speculations on all subjects elude the vigilance of the censor, by being skilfully amalgamated with a lavish praise of the royal character, are perpetually flattered with the speedy hope of becoming freemen. Suddenly, when all are expecting the grant of a charter or the institution of Chambers, Mr. Beckendorff rides up from his retreat to the Residence, and the next day the whole crowd of philosophers are swept from the royal presence, and the censorship of the press becomes so severe, that for a moment you would fancy that Reisenburg instead of being, as it boasts itself, the modern Athens, had more right to the title of the modern Bœotia. The people, who enjoy an impartial administration of equal laws,

who have flourished, and are flourishing, under the wise and moderate rule of their new monarch, have in fact no inclination to exert themselves for the attainment of constitutional liberty, in any other way than by their voices. Their barbarous apathy astounds the *philosophes;* who, in despair, when the people tell them that they are happy and contented, artfully remind them that their happiness depends on the will of a single man; and that, though the present character of the monarch may guarantee present felicity, still they should think of their children, and not less exert themselves for the insurance of future. These representations, as constantly reiterated as the present system will allow, have at length, I assure you, produced an effect; and political causes of a peculiar nature, of which I shall soon speak, combining their influence with these philosophical exertions, have of late frequently frightened the Grand Duke; who, in despair, would perhaps grant a Constitution, if Beckendorff would allow him. But the Minister is con-

scious that the people would not be happier, and do not in fact require one: he looks with a jealous and an evil eye on the charlatanism of all kinds which is now so prevalent at Court: he knows, from the characters of many of these philosophers and patriots, that their private interest is generally the secret spring of their public virtue; that if the Grand Duke, moved by their entreaties or seduced by their flattery, were to yield a little, he would soon be obliged to grant all, to their demands and their threats; and finally, Beckendorff has, of late years, so completely interwoven the policy of Reisenburg with that of Austria, that he feels that the rock on which he has determined to found the greatness of his country must be quitted for ever, if he yield one jot to the caprice or the weakness of his monarch."

"But Beckendorff," said Vivian; "why can he not crush in the bud the noxious plant which he so much dreads? Why does the press speak in the least to the people? Why is the Grand Duke surrounded by any others except pom-

pous Grand Marshals, and empty-headed Lord Chamberlains? I am surprised at this indifference, this want of energy!"

"My dear Sir, there are reasons for all things. Rest assured that Beckendorff is not a man to act incautiously or weakly. The Grand Duchess, the mother of the Crown Prince, has been long dead. Beckendorff, who, as a man, has the greatest contempt for women —as a statesman, looks to them as the most precious of political instruments.—it was his wish to have married the Grand Duke to the young Princess who is now destined for his son; but for once in his life he failed in influencing his pupil. The truth was, and it is to this cause that we must trace the present disorganized state of the Court, and indeed of the kingdom, that the Grand Duke had secretly married a lady to whom he had long been attached. This lady was a Countess, and his subject; and as it was impossible, by the laws of the kingdom, that any one but a member of a reigning family could be allowed to share the throne, his Royal Highness had recourse to a plan which is not

uncommon in this country, and espoused the lady with his left hand. The ceremony, which we call here a *morganatic* marriage, you have probably heard of before. The favoured female is, to all intents and purposes, the wife of the monarch, and shares every thing except his throne. She presides at Court, but neither she nor her children assume the style of majesty; although in some instances the latter have been created princes, and acknowledged as heirs apparent, when there has been a default in the lineal royal issue. The lady of whom we are speaking, according to the usual custom, has assumed a name derivative from that of her royal husband; and as the Grand Duke's name is Charles, she is styled Madame Carolina."

"And what kind of lady is Madame Carolina?" asked Vivian.

"Philosophical! piquant! Parisian!—a genius, according to her friends; who, as in fact she is a Queen, are of course the whole world. Though a German by family, she is a Frenchwoman by birth. Educated in the *salons spirituels* of the French metropolis, she has early imbibed superb

ideas of the perfectibility of man, and of the 'science' of conversation; on both which subjects you will not be long at Court, ere you hear her descant; demonstrating by the brilliancy of her ideas the possibility of the one, and by the fluency of her language her acquaintance with the other. She is much younger than her husband; and though not exactly a model for Phidias, a most fascinating woman. Variety is the talisman by which she commands all hearts, and gained her Monarch's. She is only consistent in being delightful; but, though changeable, she is not capricious. Each day displays a new accomplishment, as regularly as it does a new costume; but as the acquirement seems only valued by its possessor as it may delight others, so the dress seems worn, not so much to gratify her own vanity, as to please her friends' tastes. Genius is her idol; and with her, genius is found in every thing. She speaks in equal raptures of an opera dancer, and an epic poet. Her ambition is to converse on all subjects; and by a judicious management of a great mass of miscellaneous reading, and by

indefatigable exertions to render herself mistress of the prominent points of the topics of the day, she appears to converse on all subjects with ability. She takes the liveliest interest in the progress of mind, in all quarters of the globe; and imagines that she should, at the same time, immortalize herself and benefit her species, could she only establish a Quarterly Review in Ashantee, and a scientific Gazette at Timbuctoo. Notwithstanding her sudden elevation, no one has ever accused her of arrogance, or pride, or ostentation. Her liberal principles, and her enlightened views, are acknowledged by all. She advocates equality in her circle of privileged nobles; and is enthusiastic on the rights of man, in a country where justice is a favour. Her boast is to be surrounded by men of genius, and her delight to correspond with the most celebrated persons of all countries. She is herself a literary character of no mean celebrity. Few months have elapsed since enraptured Reisenburg hailed, from her glowing pen, two neat octavos, bearing the title of 'MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF

CHARLEMAGNE,' which give an interesting and accurate picture of the age, and delight the modern public with vivid descriptions of the cookery, costume, and conversation of the eighth century. You smile, my friend, at Madame Carolina's production. Do not you agree with me, that it requires no mean talent to convey a picture of the bustle of a levée during the middle ages? Conceive Sir Oliver looking in at his club! and fancy the small talk of Roland during a morning visit! Yet even the fame of this work is to be eclipsed by Madame's forthcoming quarto of 'HAROUN AL RASCHID AND HIS TIMES.' This, it is whispered, is to be a chef-d'œuvre, enriched by a chronological arrangement, by a celebrated oriental scholar, of all the anecdotes in the Arabian Nights relating to the Caliph. It is, of course, the sun of Madame's patronage that has hatched into noxious life the swarm of sciolists who now infest the Court, and who are sapping the husband's political power, while they are establishing the wife's literary reputation. So much for Madame Carolina! I need hardly add, that during

your short stay at Court, you will be delighted with her. If ever you know her as well as I do, you will find her vain, superficial, heartless: her sentiment—a system: her enthusiam —exaggeration; and her genius—merely a clever adoption of the profundity of others."

"And Beckendorff and the lady are not friendly?" asked Vivian, who was delighted with his communicative companion.

"Beckendorff's is a mind that such a woman cannot, of course, comprehend. He treats her with contempt, and, if possible, views her with hatred; for he considers that she has degraded the character of his pupil: while she, on the contrary, wonders by what magic spell he exercises such influence over the conduct of her husband. At first, Beckendorff treated her and her circle of illuminati with contemptuous silence; but, in politics, nothing is contemptible. The Minister, knowing that the people were prosperous and happy, cared little for projected constitutions, and less for metaphysical abstractions; but some circumstances have lately occurred, which, I imagine, have convinced him

that for once he has miscalculated. After the arrangement of the German States, when the Princes were first mediatised, an attempt was made, by means of a threatening league, to obtain for these political victims a very ample share of the power and patronage of the new State of Reisenburg. This plan failed, from the lukewarmness and indecision of our good friend of Little Lilliput; who, between ourselves, was prevented from joining the alliance by the intrigues of Beckendorff. Beckendorff secretly took measures that the Prince should be promised, that in case of his keeping backward, he should obtain more than would fall to his lot by leading the van. The Prince of Little Lilliput and his peculiar friends accordingly were quiet, and the attempt of the other chieftains failed. It was then that his Highness found he had been duped. Beckendorff would not acknowledge the authority, and, of course, did not redeem the pledge of his agent. The effect that this affair produced upon the Prince's mind you can conceive. Since then, he has never frequented Reisenberg, but constantly resided either at his

former Capital, now a provincial town of the Grand Duchy, or at this castle; viewed, you may suppose, with no very cordial feeling by his companions in misfortune. But the thirst of revenge will inscribe the bitterest enemies in the same muster-roll, and the Princes, incited by the bold carriage of Madame Carolina's philosophical protégés, and induced to believe that Beckendorff's power is on the wane, have again made overtures to our friend, without whose powerful assistance they feel that they have but little chance of success. Observe how much more men's conduct is influenced by circumstances, than principles! When these persons leagued together before, it was with the avowed intention of obtaining a share of the power and patronage of the State: the great body of the people, of course, did not sympathise in that, which, after all, to them, was a party quarrel; and by the joint exertions of open force and secret intrigue, the Court triumphed. But now, these same individuals come forward, not as indignant Princes demanding a share of the envied tyranny, but as ardent

patriots advocating a people's rights. The public, though I believe that in fact they will make no bodily exertion to acquire a constitutional freedom, the absence of which they can only abstractedly feel, have no objection to attain that, which they are assured will not injure their situation, provided it be by the risk and exertions of others. As far, therefore, as clamor can support the Princes, they have the people on their side; and as upwards of three hundred thousand of the Grand Ducal subjects are still living on their estates, and still consider themselves as their serfs, they trust that some excesses from this great body may incite the rest of the people to similar outrages. The natural disposition of mankind to imitation, particularly when the act to be imitated is popular, deserves attention. The Court is divided; for the exertions of Madame, and the bewitching influence of Fashion, have turned the heads even of grey-beards: and to give you only one instance, his Excellency the Grand Marshal, a protégé of the House of Austria, and a favourite of Metternich, the very person

to whose interests, and as a reward for whose services, our princely friend was sacrificed by the Minister, has now himself become a pupil in the school of modern philosophy, and drivels out, with equal ignorance and fervor, enlightened notions on the most obscure subjects. In the midst of all this confusion, the Grand Duke is timorous, dubious, and uncertain. Beckendorff has a difficult game to play; he may fall at last. Such, my dear Sir, are the tremendous consequences of a weak Prince marrying a blue-stocking!"

"And the Crown Prince, Mr. Sievers, how does he conduct himself at this interesting moment? or is his mind so completely engrossed by the anticipation of his Imperial alliance, that he has no thought for any thing but his approaching bride?"

"The Crown Prince, my dear Sir, is neither thinking of his bride, nor of any thing else: he is a hunch-backed idiot. Of his deformities I have myself been a witness; and though it is difficult to give an opinion of the intellect of a being with whom you have never interchanged

a syllable, nevertheless his countenance does not contradict the common creed. I say the common creed, Mr. Grey, for there are moments when the Crown Prince of Reisenburg is spoken of by his future subjects in a very different manner. Whenever any unpopular act is committed, or any unpopular plan suggested by the Court or the Grand Duke, then whispers are immediately afloat that a future Brutus must be looked for in their Prince: then it is generally understood that his idiotism is only assumed; and what woman does not detect, in the glimmerings of his lack-lustre eye, the vivid sparks of suppressed genius?—In a short time the cloud blows over the Court; dissatisfaction disappears; and the moment that the Monarch is again popular, the unfortunate Crown Prince again becomes the uninfluential object of pity or derision. All immediately forget that his idiotism is only assumed; and what woman ever ceases from deploring the unhappy lot of the future wife of their impuissant Prince!—Such, my dear Sir, is the way of mankind! At the first glance it would appear, that in this

world, monarchs, on the whole, have it pretty well their own way; but reflection will soon enable us not to envy their situations; and speaking as a father, which unfortunately I am not, should I not view with disgust that lot in life, which necessarily makes my son—my enemy? The Crown Prince of all countries is only a puppet in the hands of the people, to be played against his own father."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER V.

THE Prince returned home at a late hour, and immediately inquired for Vivian. During dinner, which he hastily dispatched, it did not escape our hero's attention that his Highness was unusually silent and, indeed, agitated.

"When we have finished our meal, my good friend," at length said the Prince, "I very much wish to consult with you on a most important business." Since the explanation of last night, the Prince, in private conversation, had dropped his regal plural.

"I am ready this moment," said Vivian.

"You will think it very strange, Mr. Grey, when you become acquainted with the nature of my communication; you will justly consider

it most strange—most singular—that I should choose for a confidant, and a counsellor in an important business, a gentleman with whom I have been acquainted so short a time as yourself. But, Sir, I have well weighed, at least I have endeavoured well to weigh, all the circumstances and contingencies which such a confidence would involve; and the result of my reflection is, that I will look to you as a friend and an adviser, feeling assured that both from your situation and your disposition, no temptation exists which can induce you to betray, or to deceive me." Though the Prince said this with an appearance of perfect sincerity, he stopped and looked very earnestly in his guest's face, as if he would read his secret thoughts, or were desirous of now giving him an opportunity of answering.

"As far as the certainty of your confidence being respected," answered Vivian, "I trust your Highness may communicate to me with the most assured spirit. But while my ignorance of men and affairs in this country will ensure you from any treachery on my part, I

very much fear that it will also preclude me from affording you any advantageous advice or assistance."

"On that head," replied the Prince, "I am of course the best judge. The friend whom I need is a man not ignorant of the world, with a cool head and an impartial mind. Though young, you have said and told me enough to prove that you are not unacquainted with mankind. Of your courage, I have already had a convincing proof. In the business in which I require your assistance, freedom from national prejudices will materially increase the value of your advice; and therefore I am far from being unwilling to consult a person ignorant, according to your own phrase, of men and affairs in this country. Moreover, your education as an Englishman has early led you to exercise your mind on political subjects; and it is in a political business that I require your aid."

"Am I fated always to be the dry nurse of an embryo faction!" thought Vivian in despair, and he watched earnestly the countenance of the Prince. In a moment he expected to be

invited to become a counsellor of the leagued Princes. Either the lamp was burning dim, or the blazing wood fire had suddenly died away, or a mist was over Vivian's eyes; but for a moment he almost imagined that he was sitting opposite his old friend, the Marquess of Carabas. The Prince's phrase had given rise to a thousand agonizing associations: in an instant Vivian had worked up his mind to a pitch of nervous excitement.

"Political business!" said Vivian, in an agitated voice. "You could not address a more unfortunate person. I have seen, Prince, too much of politics, ever to wish to meddle with them again."

"You are too quick—too quick, my good friend," continued his Highness. "I may wish to consult you on political business, and yet have no intention of engaging you in politics—which indeed is quite a ridiculous idea. But I see that I was right in supposing that these subjects have engaged your attention."

"I have seen, in a short time, a great deal of the political world," answered Vivian, who was

almost ashamed of his previous emotion; "and I thank heaven daily, that I have no chance of again having any connection with it."

"Well, well!—that as it may be. Nevertheless, your experience is only another inducement to me to request your assistance. Do not fear that I wish to embroil you in politics; but I hope you will not refuse, although almost a stranger, to add to the very great obligations which I am already under to you, and give me the benefit of your opinion."

"Your Highness may speak with the most perfect unreserve, and reckon upon my delivering my most genuine sentiments."

"You have not forgotten, I venture to believe," said the Prince, "our short conversation of last night?"

"It was of too interesting a nature easily to escape my memory."

"Before I can consult you on the subject which at present interests me, it is necessary that I should make you a little acquainted with the present state of public affairs here,

and the characters of the principal individuals who control them."

"As far as an account of the present state of political parties, the history of the Grand Duke's career, and that of his Minister Mr. Beckendorff, and their reputed characters, will form part of your Highness' narrative, by so much may its length be curtailed, and your trouble lessened; for I have at different times picked up, in casual conversation, a great deal of information on these topics. Indeed, you may address me, in this respect, as you would any German gentleman, who, not being himself personally interested in public life, is of course not acquainted with its most secret details."

"I did not reckon on this," said the Prince, in a cheerful voice. "This is a great advantage, and another reason that I should no longer hesitate to develope to you a certain affair which now occupies my mind. To be short," continued the Prince, "it is of the letter which I so mysteriously received last night, and which, as you must have remarked, very much agitated me,—it is on this letter that I wish to consult

you. Bearing in mind the exact position—the avowed and public position in which I stand, as connected with the Court; and having a due acquaintance, which you state you have, with the character of Mr. Beckendorff, what think you of this letter?"

So saying, the Prince leant over the table, and handed to Vivian the following epistle.

"TO HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF LITTLE LILLIPUT.

"I am commanded by his Royal Highness to inform your Highness, that his Royal Highness has considered the request which was signed by your Highness and other noblemen, and presented by you to his Royal Highness in a private interview. His Royal Highness commands me to state, that that request will receive his most attentive consideration. At the same time, his Royal Highness also commands me to observe, that in bringing about the completion of a result desired by all parties, it is difficult to carry on the necessary communications merely by written documents; and his Royal High-

ness has therefore commanded me to submit to your Highness, the advisability of taking some steps in order to further the possibility of the occurrence of an oral interchange of the sentiments of the respective parties. Being aware, that from the position which your Highness has thought proper at present to maintain, and from other causes which are of too delicate a nature to be noticed in any other way except by allusion, that your Highness may feel difficulty in personally communicating with his Royal Highness, without consulting the wishes and opinions of the other Princes; a process to which it must be evident to your Highness, his Royal Highness feels it impossible to submit; and, at the same time, desirous of forwarding the progress of those views, which his Royal Highness and your Highness may conjunctively consider calculated to advance the well-being of the State, I have to submit to your Highness the propriety of considering the propositions contained in the enclosed paper; which, if your Highness keep unconnected with this communication, the purport of this letter will be confined to your Highness.

"PROPOSITIONS.

"1st. That an interview shall take place between your Highness and myself; the object of which shall be the consideration of measures by which, when adopted, the various interests now in agitation shall respectively be regarded.

"2nd. That this interview shall be secret; your Highness being incognito."

"If your Highness be disposed to accede to the first proposition, I beg to submit to you, that from the nature of my residence, its situation, and other causes, there will be no fear that any suspicion of the fact of *Mr. von Philipson* acceding to the two propositions will gain notoriety. This letter will be delivered into your own hands. If Mr. von Philipson determine on acceding to these propositions, he is most probably aware of the general locality in which my residence is situated; and proper measures will be taken that, if Mr. von Philipson honour me with a visit, he shall not be under the necessity of attracting attention, by inquiring the way to my house. It is wished that the fact of the second proposition being acceded to, should

only be known to Mr. von Philipson and myself; but if to be perfectly unattended be considered as an insuperable objection, I consent to his being accompanied by a single friend. I shall be alone.

"BECKENDORFF."

"Well!" said the Prince, as Vivian finished the letter.

"The best person," said Vivian, "to decide upon your Highness consenting to this interview, is yourself."

"That is not the point on which I wish to have the benefit of your opinion; for I have already consented. I rode over this morning to my cousin, the Duke of Micromegas, and dispatched from his residence a trusty messenger to Beckendorff. I have agreed to meet him—and to-morrow; but on the express terms that I should not be unattended. Now then," continued the Prince, with great energy, "now then, will you be my companion?"

"I!" said Vivian, in the greatest surprise.

"Yes; *you*, my good friend!—*you, you.* I

should consider myself as safe if I were sleeping in a burning house, as I should be were I with Beckendorff alone. Although this is not the first time that we have communicated, I have never yet seen him; and I am fully aware, that if the approaching interview were known to my friends, they would consider it high time that my son reigned in my stead. But I am resolved to be firm—to be inflexible. My course is plain. I am not to be again duped by him; which," continued the Prince, very much confused, "I will not conceal that I have been once."

"But I!" said Vivian; "I—what good can I possibly do? It appears to me, that if Beckendorff is to be dreaded as you describe, the presence or the attendance of no friend can possibly save you from his crafty plans. But surely, if any one attend you, why not be accompanied by a person whom you have known long, and who knows you well—on whom you can confidently rely, and who may be aware, from a thousand signs and circumstances which will never attract my attention, at what parti-

cular and pressing moments you may require prompt and energetic assistance. Such is the companion you want; and surely such an one you may find in Arnelm—Von Neuwied—"

"Arnelm! Von Neuwied!" said the Prince; "the best hands at sounding a bugle, or spearing a boar, in all Reisenburg! Excellent men, forsooth, to guard their master from the diplomatic deceits of the wily Beckendorff! Moreover, were they to have even the slightest suspicion of my intended movement, they would commit rank treason out of pure loyalty, and lock me up in my own Cabinet! No, no! they will never do: I want a companion of experience and knowledge of the world; with whom I may converse with some prospect of finding my wavering firmness strengthened, or my misled judgment rightly guided, or my puzzled brain cleared,—modes of assistance to which the worthy Jagd Junker is but little accustomed, however quickly he might hasten to my side in a combat, or the chace."

"If these, then, will not do, surely there is one man in this Castle, who, although he may

not be a match for Beckendorff, can be foiled by few others—Mr. Sievers!" said Vivian, with an inquiring eye.

"Sievers!" exclaimed the Prince with great eagerness; "the very man! firm, experienced, and sharp-witted—well schooled in political learning, in case I required his assistance in arranging the terms of the intended Charter, or the plan of the intended Chambers; for these, of course, are the points on which Beckendorff wishes to consult. But one thing I am determined on: I positively pledge myself to nothing, while under Beckendorff's roof. He doubtless anticipates, by my visit, to grant the liberties of the people on his own terms: perhaps Mr. Beckendorff, for once in his life, may be mistaken. I am not to be deceived twice; and I am determined not to yield the point of the Treasury being under the control of the Senate. That is the part of the harness which galls; and to preserve themselves from this rather inconvenient regulation, without question, my good friend Beckendorff has hit upon this plan."

"Then Mr. Sievers will accompany you?" asked Vivian, calling the Prince's attention to the point of consultation.

"The very man for it, my dear friend! but although Beckendorff, most probably respecting my presence, and taking into consideration the circumstances under which we meet, would refrain from consigning Sievers to a dungeon; still, although the Minister invites this interview, and although I have no single inducement to conciliate him; yet it would scarcely be correct, scarcely dignified on my part, to prove, by the presence of my companion, that I had for a length of time harboured an individual who, by Beckendorff's own exertions, was banished from the Grand Duchy. It would look too much like a bravado."

"Oh!" said Vivian, "is it so; and pray of what was Mr. Sievers guilty?"

"Of high treason against one who was not his Sovereign."

"How is that?"

"Sievers, who is a man of most considerable talents, was for a long time a professor in one

of our great Universities. The publication of many able works procured him a reputation which induced Madame Carolina to use every exertion to gain his attendance at Court; and a courtier in time the professor became. At Reisenburg Mr. Sievers was the great authority on all possible subjects—philosophical, literary, and political. In fact, he was the fashion; and, at the head of the great literary journal which is there published, he terrified admiring Germany with his profound and piquant critiques. Unfortunately, like some men as good, he was unaware that Reisenburg was not an independant State; and so, on the occasion of Austria attacking Naples, Mr. Sievers took the opportunity of attacking Austria. His article, eloquent, luminous, profound, revealed the dark colours of the Austrian policy; as an artist's lamp brings out the murky tints of a Spagnoletto. Every one admired Sievers' bitter sarcasms, enlightened views, and indignant eloquence. Madame Carolina crowned him with laurel in the midst of her coterie; and it is said that the Grand Duke sent him a snuff-box. In

a very short time the article reached Vienna; and in a still shorter time Mr. Beckendorff reached the Residence, and insisted on the author being immediately given up to the Austrian Government. Madame Carolina was in despair, the Grand Duke in doubt, and Beckendorff threatened to resign if the order were not signed. A kind friend, perhaps his Royal Highness himself, gave Sievers timely notice, and by rapid flight he reached my castle, and demanded my hospitality; he has lived here ever since, and has done me a thousand services, not the least of which, is the education which he has given my son, my glorious Maximilian."

"And Beckendorff," asked Vivian, "has he always been aware that Sievers was concealed here?"

"That I cannot answer: had he been, it is not improbable that he would have winked at it; since it never has been his policy, unnecessarily, to annoy a mediatised Prince, or without great occasion to let us feel that our independence is gone, I will not, with such a son as I have, say—for ever."

"Mr. Sievers, of course then, cannot visit Beckendorff," said Vivian.

"That is clear," said the Prince, "and I therefore trust that now you will no longer refuse my first request."

It was, of course, impossible for Vivian to deny the Prince any longer; and indeed he had no objection, as his Highness could not be better attended, to seize the singular and unexpected opportunity, which now offered itself, of becoming acquainted with an individual, respecting whom his curiosity was very much excited. It was a late hour ere the Prince and his friend retired; having arranged every thing for the morrow's journey, and conversed on the probable subjects of the approaching interview at great length.

CHAPTER VI.

On the following morning, before sunrise, the Prince's valet roused Vivian from his slumbers. According to the appointment of the preceding evening, Vivian repaired in due time to a certain spot in the park. The Prince reached it at the same moment. A mounted groom, leading two English horses, of very showy appearance, and each having a travelling case strapped on the back of its saddle, awaited them. His Highness mounted one of the steeds with skilful celerity, although Arnelm and Von Neuwied were not there to do honour to his bridle and his stirrup.

"You must give me an impartial opinion of your courser, my dear friend," said the Prince

to Vivian, "for if you deem it worthy of being bestridden by you, my son requests that you will do him the great honour of accepting it; if so, call it Max; and provided it be as thorough-bred as the donor, you need not change it for Bucephalus."

"Not unworthy of the son of Ammon!" said Vivian, as he touched the spirited animal with the spur, and proved its fiery action on the springing turf.

A man never feels so proud or so sanguine as when he is bounding on the back of a fine horse. Cares fly with the first curvet; and the very sight of a spur is enough to prevent one committing suicide. What a magnificent creature is man, that a brute's prancing hoof can influence his temper or his destiny!—and truly, however little there may be to admire in the rider, few things in this admirable world can be conceived more beautiful than a horse, when the bloody spur has thrust some anger in his resentful side. How splendid to view him with his dilated nostril, his flaming eye, his arched neck, and his waving tail, rustling like a banner

in a battle!—to see him champing his slavered bridle, and sprinkling the snowy foam upon the earth, which his hasty hoof seems almost as if it scorned to touch!

When Vivian and his companion had proceeded about five miles, the Prince pulled up, and giving a sealed letter to the groom, he desired him to leave them. The Prince and Vivian amused themselves for a considerable time, by endeavouring to form a correct conception of the person, manners, and habits of the wonderful man to whom they were on the point of paying so interesting a visit.

"I bitterly regret," said Vivian, "that I have forgotten my Montesquieu; and what would I give now to know by rote only one quotation from Machiavel! I expect to be received with folded arms, and a brow lowering with the overwhelming weight of a brain meditating for the control of millions. His letter has prepared us for the mysterious, but not very amusing style of his conversation. He will be perpetually on his guard not to commit himself; and although public business, and the

receipt of papers, by calling him away, will occasionally give us an opportunity of being alone; still I regret most bitterly, that I did not put up in my case some interesting volume which would have allowed me to feel less tedious those hours during which you will necessarily be employed with him in private consultation."

After a ride of five hours, the horsemen arrived at a small village.

"Thus far I think I have well piloted you," said the Prince: "but I confess my knowledge here ceases; and though I shall disobey the diplomatic instructions of the great man, I must even ask some old woman the way to Mr. Beckendorff's."

While they were hesitating as to whom they should address, an equestrian, who had already passed them on the road, though at some distance, came up, and inquired, in a voice which Vivian immediately recognized as that of the messenger who had brought Beckendorff's letter to Turriparva, whether he had the honour of addressing Mr. von Philipson. Neither of

the gentlemen answered, for Vivian of course expected the Prince to reply; and his Highness was, as yet, so unused to his incognito, that he had actually forgotten his own name. But it was evident that the demandant had questioned, rather from system, than by way of security; and he waited very patiently until the Prince had collected his senses, and assumed sufficient gravity of countenance to inform the horseman that he was the person in question. "What, Sir, is your pleasure?"

"I am instructed to ride on before you, Sir, that you may not mistake your way:" and without waiting for an answer, the laconic messenger turned his steed's head, and trotted off.

The travellers soon left the high road, and turned up a wild turf path, not only inaccessible to carriages, but even requiring great attention from horsemen. After much winding, and some floundering, they arrived at a light and very fanciful iron gate, which apparently opened into a shrubbery.

"I will take your horses here, gentlemen,"

said the guide; and getting off his horse, he opened the gate. "Follow this path, and you can meet with no difficulty." The Prince and Vivian accordingly dismounted; and the guide immediately, with the end of his whip, gave a loud shrill whistle.

The path ran, for a very short way, through the shrubbery, which evidently was a belt encircling the grounds. From this, the Prince and Vivian emerged upon an ample lawn, which formed on the farthest side a terrace, by gradually sloping down to the margin of a river. It was enclosed on the other sides by an iron railing of the same pattern as the gate, and a great number of white pheasants were quietly feeding in its centre. Following the path which skirted the lawn, they arrived at a second gate, which opened into a garden, in which no signs of the taste at present existing in Germany for the English system of picturesque pleasure-grounds were at all visible. The walk was bounded on both sides by tall borders, or rather hedges, of box, cut into the shape of battlements; the sameness of these turrets

being occasionally varied by the immoveable form of some trusty warder, carved out of yew or laurel. Raised terraces and arched walks, aloes and orange trees mounted on sculptured pedestals, columns of cypress, and pyramids of bay, whose dark foliage strikingly contrasted with the marble statues, and the white vases shining in the sun, rose in all directions in methodical confusion. The sound of a fountain was not wanting; and large beds of the most beautiful flowers abounded; but, in no instance did Vivian observe that two kinds of plants were ever mixed together. Proceeding through a very lofty berçeau, occasional openings in whose curving walks allowed effective glimpses of a bust or a statue, the companions at length came in sight of the house. It was a long, uneven, low building, evidently of ancient architecture. Numerous stacks of tall and fantastically shaped chimneys rose over three thick and heavy gables, which reached down farther than the middle of the elevation, forming three compartments, one of them including a large and modern bow-window, over which clustered in

profusion, the sweet and glowing blossoms of the clematis, and the pomegranate. Indeed, the whole front of the house was so completely covered with a rich scarlet-creeper, that it was almost impossible to ascertain of what materials it was built. As Vivian was admiring a large white peacock, which, attracted by their approach had taken the opportunity of unfurling its wheeling train, a man came forward from the bow-window.

I shall be particular in my description of his appearance. In height he was about five feet eight inches, and of a spare, but well-proportioned figure. He had very little hair, which was highly powdered, and dressed in a manner to render more remarkable the extraordinary elevation of his conical, and polished forehead. His long piercing black eyes were almost closed, from the fulness of their upper lids. His cheeks were sallow, his nose aquiline, his mouth compressed. His ears, which were quite uncovered by hair, were so wonderfully small, that it would be wrong to pass them over unnoticed; as indeed were his hands

and feet, which in form were quite feminine. He was dressed in a coat and waistcoat of black velvet, the latter part of his costume reaching to his thighs; and in a button hole of his coat was a large bunch of tube-rose. A small part of his flannel waistcoat appeared through an opening in his exquisitely plaited shirt, the broad collar of which, though tied round with a wide black ribbon, did not conceal a neck which agreed well with his beardless chin, and would not have misbecome a woman. In England we should have called his breeches buckskin. They were of a pale yellow leather, and suited his large, and spur-armed cavalry boots, which fitted closely to the legs they covered, reaching over the knees of the wearer. A ribbon round his neck, tucked into his waistcoat pocket, was attached to a small French watch. He swung in his right hand the bow of a violin; and in the other, the little finger of which was nearly hid by a large antique ring, he held a white handkerchief strongly perfumed with violets. Notwithstanding the many feminine characteristics which I have noticed, either

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from the expression of the eyes, or the formation of the mouth, the countenance of this individual generally conveyed an impression of the greatest firmness and energy. This description will not be considered ridiculously minute by those who have never had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the person of so celebrated a gentleman as MR. BECKENDORFF.

He advanced to the Prince with an air which seemed to proclaim, that as his person could not be mistaken, the ceremony of introduction was perfectly unnecessary. Bowing in the most ceremonious and courtly manner to his Highness, Mr. Beckendorff in a weak, but not unpleasing voice, said that he was "honoured by the presence of Mr. von Philipson." The Prince answered his salutation in a manner equally ceremonious, and equally courtly; for having no mean opinion of his own diplomatic abilities, his Highness determined that neither by an excess of coldness, nor cordiality on his part, should the Minister gather the slightest indication of the temper in which he had attended

the interview. You see that even the bow of a diplomatist is a very serious business!

"Mr. Beckendorff," said his Highness; "my letter doubtless informed you that I should avail myself of your permission to be accompanied. Let me have the honour of presenting to you my friend Mr. Grey, an English gentleman."

As the Prince spoke, Beckendorff stood with his arms crossed behind him, and his chin resting upon his chest; but his eyes at the same time so raised as to look his Highness full in the face. Vivian was so struck by his posture, and the expression of his countenance, that he nearly omitted to bow when he was presented. As his name was mentioned, the Minister gave him a sharp, sidelong glance, and moving his head very gently, he invited his guests to enter the house. The gentlemen accordingly complied with his request. Passing through the bow window, they found themselves in a well-sized room, the sides of which were covered with shelves filled with richly bound books. There was nothing in the room

which gave the slightest indication that the master of the library was any other than a private gentleman. Not a book, not a chair was out of its place. A purple inkstand of Sevre china, and a very highly-tooled morocco portfolio of the same colour, reposed on a rose-wood table, and that was all. No papers, no dispatches, no red tape, and no red boxes. Over an ancient chimney, lined with blue china tiles, on which were represented the most grotesque figures—cows playing the harp—monkies acting monarchs—and tall figures all legs, flying with rapidity from pursuers who were all head—over this chimney were suspended some curious pieces of antique armour, among which an Italian dagger, with a chased and jewelled hilt, was the most remarkable, and the most precious.

"This," said Mr. Beckendorff, "is my library."

"What a splendid poignard!" said the Prince, who had no taste for books; and he immediately walked up to the chimney-piece. Beckendorff followed him, and taking down the

admired weapon from its resting-place, proceeded to lecture on its virtues, its antiquity, and its beauty. Vivian seized this opportunity of taking a rapid glance at the contents of his library. He anticipated interleaved copies of Machiavel, Vattel, and Montesquieu; and the lightest works that he expected to meet with were the lying memoirs of some intriguing Cardinal, or the deluding apology of an exiled Minister. To his surprise he found that, without an exception, the collection merely consisted of poetry and romance; and while his eye rapidly passed over, not only the great names of Germany, but also of Italy and of France, it was with pride that he remarked upon the shelves an English Shakspeare; and perhaps with still greater delight, a complete edition of the enchanted volumes of our illustrious Scott. Surprised at this most unexpected circumstance, Vivian looked with a curious eye on the unlettered backs of a row of mighty folios on a corner shelf; "These," he thought, "at least must be royal ordinances, and collected state-papers." The sense of pro-

priety struggled for a moment with the passion of curiosity; but nothing is more difficult for the man who loves books, than to refrain from examining a volume which he fancies may be unknown to him. From the jewelled dagger, Beckendorff had now got to an enamelled breast-plate. Two to one he should not be observed; and so, with a desperate pull, Vivian extracted a volume—it was a herbal! He tried another—it was a collection of dried insects! He immediately replaced it, and staring at his host, wondered whether he really could be the Mr. Beckendorff of whom he had heard so much.

"And now," said Mr. Beckendorff, "I will show you my drawing-room."

He opened a door at the further end of the library, and introduced them to a room of a very different character. The sun, which was shining very brightly, lent additional brilliancy to the rainbow-tinted birds of paradise, the crimson mackaws, and the green parroquets that glistened on the splendid Indian paper, which covered not only the walls, but also

the ceiling of the room. Over the fire-place, a black frame, projecting from the wall and mournfully contrasting with the general brilliant appearance of the apartment, inclosed a picture of a beautiful female; and bending over its frame, and indeed partly shadowing the countenance, was the withered branch of a tree. A harpsichord, and several cases of musical instruments were placed in different parts of the room; and suspended by very broad black ribbons from the wall on each side of the picture, were a guitar and a tambourine. On a sofa of unusual size lay a Cremona; and as Mr. Beckendorff passed the instrument, he threw by its side the bow, which he had hitherto carried in his hand.

"We may as well now take something," said Mr. Beckendorff, when his guests had sufficiently admired the room; "my pictures are in my dining-room—let us go there."

So saying, and armed this time, not only with his bow, but also with his violin, he retraced his steps through the library, and crossing a small passage, which divided the house into two

compartments, he opened the door into his dining-room. The moment that they entered the room, their ears were saluted, and indeed their senses ravished, by what appeared to be a concert of a thousand birds; yet none of the winged choristers were to be seen, and not even a single cage was visible. The room, which was very simply furnished, appeared at first rather gloomy; for though lighted by three windows, the silk blinds were all drawn.

"And now," said Mr. Beckendorff, raising the first blind; "you shall see my pictures. At what do you estimate this Breughel?"

The window, which was of stained green glass, gave to the landscape an effect similar to that generally produced by the artist mentioned. The Prince, who was already very puzzled by finding one who, at the same time, was both his host and his enemy, so perfectly different a character to what he had conceived, and who, being by temper superstitious, considered that this preliminary false opinion of his was rather a bad omen,—did not express any very great admiration of the gallery of Mr. Beckendorff:

but Vivian, who had no ambitious hopes or fears to affect his temper, and who was delighted with the character with whom he had become so unexpectedly acquainted—good-naturedly humoured the fantasies of the Minister; and said that he preferred his picture to any Breughel he had ever seen.

"I see you have a fine taste," said Mr. Beckendorff, with a very serious air, but in a most courteous tone; "You shall see my Claude!"

The rich yellow tint of the second window, gave to the fanciful garden all that was requisite to make it look Italian.

"Have you ever been in Italy, Sir?" asked Beckendorff.

"I have not."

"You have, Mr. von Philipson?"

"Never south of Germany," answered the Prince, who was exceedingly hungry, and eyed, with a rapacious glance, the capital luncheon which he saw prepared for him.

"Well then, when either of you go, you will of course not miss the Lago Maggiore. Gaze

on Isola Bella at sunset, and you will not view as fair a scene as this! And now, Mr. von Philipson," said Beckendorff, "do me the favour of giving me your opinion of this Honthorst?"

His Highness would rather have given his opinion of the fine dish of stewed game which still smoked upon the table, but which he was mournfully convinced would not smoke long; or of the large cucumbers, of which he was particularly fond, and which, among many other vegetables, his amorous eye had already detected. "But," thought he, "this is the last!" and so he very warmly admired the effect produced by the flaming panes, to which Beckendorff swore that no piece ever painted by Gerard Honthorst, for brilliancy of colouring and boldness of outline, could be compared: "besides," continued Beckendorff, "mine are all animated pictures. See that cypress, waving from the gentle breeze which is now stirring—and look! look at this crimson peacock!—look! Mr. von Philipson."

"I am looking, Mr. von —— I beg pardon,

Mr. Beckendorff," said the Prince, with great dignity—making this slight mistake in the name, either from being unused to converse with such low people as had not the nominal mark of nobility, or to vent his spleen at being so unnecessarily kept from the refreshment which he so much required.

" Mr. von Philipson, said Beckendorff, suddenly turning round; " all my fruits and all my vegetables, are from my own garden. Let us sit down and help ourselves."

The only substantial food at table was a great dish of stewed game, which I believe I have mentioned before. The Prince seized the breast and wings of a young pheasant, Vivian attacked a fine tender hare, and Beckendorff himself cut off the wing of a partridge. The vegetables and the fruits were numerous and superb; and there really appeared to be a fair prospect of the Prince of Little Lilliput making as good a luncheon as if the whole had been conducted under the auspices of Master Rodolph himself,—had it not been for the confounded melody of the unseen vocalists, which, probably

excited by the sounds of the knives and plates, too evidently increased every moment. But this inconvenience was soon removed by Mr. Beckendorff rising, and giving three loud knocks on the door opposite to the one by which they had entered. Immediate silence ensued.

"Clara will be here in an instant, to change your plate, Mr. von Philipson," said Beckendorff—"and here she is?"

Vivian eagerly looked up, not with the slightest idea that the entrance of Clara would prove that the mysterious picture in the drawing-room was a portrait; but it must be confessed with a little curiosity to view the first specimen of the sex who lived under the roof of Mr. Beckendorff. Clara was a hale old woman, with rather an acid expression of countenance; very prim in her appearance, and evidently very precise in her manners. She placed a bottle, and two wine-glasses with long thin stems, on the table; and having removed the game, and changed the plates, she disappeared.

"Pray what wine is this, Mr. Beckendorff?"

eagerly asked the Prince, with a countenance glowing with delight—and his Highness was vulgar enough to smack his lips, which, for a Prince, is really shocking.

"I really don't know. I never drink wine."

"Not know! Grey, take a glass. What 's your opinion?—I never tasted such wine in my life. Why I do declare it is real Tokay!"

"Probably it may be," said Mr. Beckendorff; "I think it was a present from the Emperor. I have never tasted it."

"My dear Sir, take a glass!" said the Prince; his natural kind and jovial temper having made him completely forget whom he was addressing, the business he had come upon, and indeed every thing else except the astounding circumstance that there was an individual in the room who refused to take his share of a bottle of real Tokay:—"My dear Sir, take a glass."

"I never drink wine; I'm glad you like it, I have no doubt Clara has more."

"No, no, no! we must be moderate, we must be moderate," said the Prince; who, though a great admirer of a good luncheon, had also a

due respect for a good dinner,—and consequently had no idea at this awkward hour in the day, of preventing himself from properly appreciating the future banquet. Moreover, his Highness, taking into consideration the very piquant sauce with which the game had been dressed, and the marks of refinement and good taste which seemed to pervade every part of the establishment of Mr. Beckendorff, did not imagine that he was much presuming, when he conjectured that there was a fair chance of his dinner being something very superior. The Prince, therefore, opposed a further supply of Tokay, and contented himself for the present with assisting his Gruyere with one of the very fine-looking cucumbers—his favourite cucumbers: which, though yet untasted, had not, in spite of the wine, been banished from his memory.

"You seem very fond of cucumbers, Mr. von Philipson," said Beckendorff.

"So fond of them, that I prefer them to any vegetable, and to most fruits. What is more cooling—more refreshing? What——"

"I never eat them myself; but I'll tell you, if you like, what I think the best way of treating a cucumber."

His Highness was the most ready, and the most grateful of pupils; and Vivian could scarcely suppress his laughter, when the Prime Minister, with a grave countenance, and in his peculiarly subdued voice and somewhat precise mode of speaking, commenced instructing his political opponent upon the important topic of dressing a vegetable.

"You must be careful," said Mr. Beckendorff, "to pick out the straightest, thinnest-skinned, most seedless cucumber that you can find. Six hours before you want to eat it, put the stalk in cold water on a marble slab—not the whole cucumber—that's nonsense. Then pare it very carefully, so as to take off all the green outside, and no more. Slice it as thin as possible, spread it over your dish, and sprinkle it with a good deal of white pepper, red pepper, salt, and mustard-seed. Mix some oil and common vinegar with a little Chili, and drown it in them. Open a large window very wide—and throw it all out!"

It was quite evident that Mr. von Philipson was extremely disappointed, and perhaps a little offended at the unexpected termination of Mr. Beckendorff's lecture, to which he had listened with the most interested attention. As for Vivian Grey, he did not affect to contain himself any longer; but gave way to a long and loud laugh—a laugh not so much excited by the manner in which Beckendorff had detailed the desired information, although it was extremely humorous, as by the striking contrast which the speaker and the speech afforded to the conceptions which he and his companion had formed of their host during their ride. His rather boisterous risibility, apparently, did not offend Mr. Beckendorff, on whose upper lip, for an instant, Vivian thought he detected a smile or a sneer. It was, however, only for an instant; for the Minister immediately rose from table, and left the room by the same door, on which his three loud knocks had previously produced so tranquillising an effect.

The sudden arrival and appearance of some new and unexpected guests through the very

mysterious portal by which Mr. Beckendorff had vanished, not only were the source of fresh entertainment to our hero, but also explained the character of the apartment, which, from its unceasing melody, had so much excited his curiosity. These new guests were a crowd of piping bullfinches, Virginia nightingales, trained canaries, Java sparrows, and Indian lorys; which having been freed from their cages of golden wire by their fond master, had fled, as was their custom, from his superb aviary to pay their respects and compliments at his daily levée.

The table was immediately covered, and the Prince immediately annoyed. Nothing did he detest so much as the whole feathered race; and now, as far as he could observe, he might as well have visited a bird-catcher as Mr. Beckendorff. The white pheasants, and the white peacock, could have been borne; but as for the present intrusion, a man had better live in Noah's ark than in the liberties of an aviary. The Prince was quite right: it was extremely annoying. A couple of bullfinches respectively

perched on each of his shoulders, and commenced a most thrilling, and jacobinical hymn of liberty, in celebration of their release; and an impudent little canary attacked his cucumber. As if this were not sufficient to produce instantaneous insanity, a long-tailed scarlet lory lighted on his head, and commenced its usual fondling tricks, by rubbing its beak in the Prince's hair, fluttering its wing on his cheek, and pecking his eye-brows. As it got more delighted, it shrieked its joy into his ear with such shrillness, that he started from his chair; and the little favourite consequently slipping down, to save itself from falling, hung upon his lip by its beak. As soon as his Highness had extricated himself from this unpleasing situation, the lory, making a perch on the back of his chair, regained its first position.

Just as the Prince was asking Vivian to hasten to his assistance, Mr. Beckendorff returned,—"Never mind, Mr. von Philipson," said the Minister, "never mind, never mind; it only wants to make a nest, poor thing!"

"But I do mind, Mr. Beckendorff; I detest

birds, and this annoying little animal, I beg to inform you, is exceedingly troublesome."

"Wheugh!" said the prime Minister of Reisenburg, and the troublesome lory flew to his shoulder. "I am glad to see that you like birds, Sir," said Beckendorff to Vivian; for our hero, good-naturedly humouring the tastes of his host, was impartially dividing the luxuries of a peach among a crowd of gaudy and greedy little sparrows. "You shall see my favourites," continued Beckendorff, and tapping rather loudly on the table, he held out the fore-finger of each hand. The two bullfinches who were still singing on the shoulder of the Prince, recognized the signal, and immediately hastened to their perch.

"My dear!" trilled out one little songster; and it raised its speaking eyes to its delighted master.

"My love!" warbled the other, marking its affection by looks equally personal.

These monosyllables were repeated fifty times: at each one Beckendorff, with sparkling eyes, and a countenance radiant with delight, tri-

umphantly looked round at Vivian, as if the frequent reiteration were a proof of the sincerity of the affection of these singular friends.

At length, to the Prince's great relief, Mr. Beckendorff's feathered friends having finished their dessert, were sent back to their cages, with a strict injunction not to trouble their master at present with their voices—an injunction which, to Vivian's great surprise, was obeyed to the letter; and when the door was closed, few persons in the world could have been persuaded that the next room was an aviary.

"I am proud of my peaches, Mr. von Philipson," said Beckendorff, recommending the fruit to his guest's attention; then, rising from the table, he threw himself on the sofa, and began humming a tune in a very low voice. Presently he took up his Cremona, and using the violin as a guitar, accompanied himself in a very beautiful air, but not in a more audible tone. While Mr. Beckendorff was singing, he seemed quite unconscious that any person was in the room; and the Prince, who detested music, certainly gave him no hint, either by his approbation or his

attention, that he was listened to. Vivian, however, like most unhappy men, did love music with all his spirit's strength; and actuated by this feeling, and the interest which he began to take in the character of Mr. Beckendorff, he could not, when that gentleman had finished his air, refrain from very sincerely saying "encore!"

Beckendorff started and looked round, as if he were for the first moment aware that any being had heard him.

"Encore!" said he, with a kind sneer; "who ever could sing or play the same thing twice! Are you fond of music, Sir?"

"Very much so, indeed: I fancied I recognized that air. You are an admirer, I imagine, of Mozart?"

"I never heard of him: I know nothing of those gentry. But if you really like music, I'll play you something worth listening to."

Mr. Beckendorff began a beautiful air very adagio, gradually increasing the time in a kind of variation, till at last his execution became so wonderfully rapid, that Vivian, surprised at

the mere mechanical action, rose from his chair in order better to examine the player's management and motion of his bow. Exquisite as were the tones, enchanting as were the originality of his variations, and the perfect harmony of his composition, it was nevertheless extremely difficult to resist laughing at the ludicrous contortions of his face and figure. Now, his body bending to the strain, he was at one moment with his violin raised in the air, and the next instant with the lower nut almost resting upon his foot. At length, by well proportioned degrees, the air died away into the original soft cadence; and the player becoming completely entranced in his own performance, finished by sinking back on the sofa, with his bow and violin raised over his head. Vivian would not disturb him by his applause. An instant after, Mr. Beckendorff, throwing down the instrument, rushed through an opened window into the garden.

As soon as Beckendorff was out of sight, Vivian looked at the Prince; and his Highness, elevating his eye-brows, screwing up his mouth, and shrugging his shoulders, altogether pre-

sented a very comical picture of a puzzled man.

"Well, my dear friend," said he, "this is rather different to what we expected."

"Very different indeed; but much more amusing."

"Humph!" said the Prince, very slowly, "I do not think it exactly requires a ghost to tell us that Mr. Beckendorff is not in the habit of going to Court.—I don't know how he is accustomed to conduct himself when he is honoured by a visit from the Grand Duke; but I am quite sure, that as regards his treatment of myself, to say the least, the incognito is very well observed."

"Mr. von Philipson," said the gentleman of whom they were speaking, putting his head in at the window; "you shall see my blue passion flower.—We 'll take a walk round the garden."

The Prince gave Vivian a look, which seemed to suppose they must go; and accordingly they stepped into the garden.

"You do not see my garden in its glory," said Mr. Beckendorff, stopping before the bow-

window of the library; "this spot is my strong point; had you been here earlier in the year, you might have admired with me my invaluable crescents of tulips—such colours! such brilliancy! so defined! And last year I had three king-tulips; their elegant-formed, creamy cups, I have never seen equalled. And then my double variegated ranunculuses; my hyacinths of fifty bells, in every tint, single and double; and my favourite stands of auriculas, so large and powdered, that the colour of the velvet leaves was scarcely discoverable! The blue passion-flower is, however, now very beautiful. You see that summer-house, Sir," continued he, turning to Vivian, "the top is my observatory; you will sleep in that pavilion to-night, so you had better take notice how the walk winds."

The passion-flower was trained against the summer-house in question.

"There!" said Mr. Beckendorff, and he stood admiring with outstretched arms, "the latter days of its beauty, for the autumn frosts will soon stop its flower: Pray Mr. von Philipson, are either you or your friend a botanist?"

"Why," said the Prince, "I am a great admirer of flowers, but I cannot exactly say that—"

"Ah! I see you are no botanist. The flower of this beautiful plant continues only one day, but there is a constant succession from July to the end of the autumn: and if this fine weather continue——Pray, Sir, how is the wind?"

"I really cannot say," said the Prince; "but I think the wind is either—"

"Ah! do you know how the wind is, Sir?" continued Beckendorff to Vivian.

"I think, Sir, that it is—"

"Ah! I see it 's westerly.—Well! If this weather continue, the succession may still last another month. You will be interested to know, Mr. von Philipson, that the flower comes out at the same joint with the leaf, on a peduncle near three inches long; round the centre of it are two radiating crowns; look, look Sir! the inner inclining towards the centre column—now examine this well, and I 'll be with you in a moment." So saying, Mr. Beckendorff, running

with great rapidity down the walk, jumped over the railing, and in a moment was coursing across the lawn, towards the river, in a desperate chase after a dragon-fly.

Mr. Beckendorff was soon out of sight; and after lingering half an hour in the vicinity of the blue passion-flower, the Prince proposed to Vivian that they should quit the spot. "As far as I can observe," continued his Highness; "we might as well quit the house. No wonder that Beckendorff's power is on the wane, for he appears to me to be growing childish. Surely he could not always have been this frivolous creature!"

"I really am so overwhelmed with astonishment," said Vivian, "that it is quite out of my power to assist your Highness in any supposition. But I should recommend you not to be too hasty in your movements. Take care that staying here does not affect the position which you have taken up, or retard the progress of any measures on which you have determined, and you are safe. What will it injure you, if, with the chance of achieving the great

and patriotic purpose to which you have devoted your powers and energies, you are subjected for a few hours to the caprices, or even rudeness, of any man whatever. If Beckendorff be the character which the world gives him credit to be, I do not think he can imagine that you are to be deceived twice; and if he do imagine so, we are convinced that he will be disappointed. If, as you have supposed, not only his power is on the wane, but his intellect also, four-and-twenty hours will convince us of the fact; for in less than that time your Highness will necessarily have conversation of a more important nature with him. I strenuously recommend, therefore, that we continue here to-day, although," added Vivian smiling, "I have to sleep in his Observatory."

After walking in the gardens about an hour, the Prince and Vivian again went into the house, imagining that Beckendorff might have returned by another entrance; but he was not there. The Prince was very much annoyed; and Vivian, to amuse himself, had recourse to the Library. After re-examining the armour,

looking at the garden through the painted windows, conjecturing who might be the original of the mysterious picture, and what could be the meaning of the withered branch, the Prince was fairly worn out. The precise dinner-hour he did not know; and notwithstanding repeated exertions, he had hitherto been unable to find the blooming Clara. He could not flatter himself, however, that there were less than two hours to kill before the great event took place; and so, quite miserable, and heartily wishing himself back again at Turriparva, he prevailed upon Vivian to throw aside his book, and take another walk.

This time they extended their distance, stretched out as far as the river, and explored the adjoining woods; but of Mr. Beckendorff they saw and heard nothing. At length they again returned: it was getting dusk. They found the bow-window of the Library closed. They again entered the dining-room; and, to their surprise, found no preparations for dinner. This time the Prince was more fortunate in his exertions to procure an interview with Madam

Clara, for that lady almost immediately entered the room.

"Pray, my good Madam," enquired the Prince; "has your master returned?"

"Mr. Beckendorff is in the Library, Sir," said the old lady very pompously.

"Indeed! we don't dine in this room, then?"

"Dine, Sir!" said the good dame, forgetting her pomposity in her astonishment.

"Yes—dine," said the Prince.

"La! Sir; Mr. Beckendorff never takes any thing after his noon meal."

"Am I to understand then, that we are to have no dinner?" asked his Highness, angry and agitated.

"Mr. Beckendorff never takes any thing after his noon meal, Sir; but I'm sure if you and your friend are hungry, Sir, I hope there's never a want in this house."

"My good lady, I am hungry, very hungry indeed; and if your master, I mean Mr. Von—that is Mr. Beckendorff, has such a bad appetite that he can satisfy himself with picking, once a day, the breast of a pheasant; why, if he

expect his friends to be willing, or even able to live on such fare,—the least that I can say is, that he is very much mistaken; and so, therefore, my good friend Grey, I think we had better order our horses, and be off."

"No occasion for that, I hope," said Mrs. Clara, rather alarmed at the Prince's passion; "no want, I trust, ever here, Sir; and I make no doubt you'll have dinner as soon as possible; and so, Sir, I hope you'll not be hasty."

"Hasty! I have no wish to be hasty; but as for disarranging the whole economy of the house, and getting up an extemporaneous meal for me—I cannot think of it. Mr. Beckendorff may live as he likes, and if I stay here, I am contented to live as he does. I do not wish him to change his habits for me, and I shall take care that, after to-day, there will be no necessity for his doing so. However, absolute hunger can make no compliments; and therefore I will thank you, my good Madam, to let me and my friend have the remains of that cold game, if they be still in existence, on which we

lunched, or, as you term it, took our noon meal this morning; and which, if it were your own cooking, Mrs. Clara, I assure you, as I observed to my friend at the time, did you infinite credit."

The Prince, although his gentlemanly feelings had, in spite of his hunger, dictated a deprecation of Mrs. Clara's making a dinner merely for himself, still thought that a seasonable and deserved compliment to the lady, might assist in bringing about a result, which, notwithstanding his politenesss, he very much desired; and that was the production of another specimen of her culinary accomplishments. Having behaved, as he considered, with such moderation and dignified civility, he was, it must be confessed, rather astounded, when Mrs. Clara, duly acknowledging his compliment by her curtsey, was sorry to inform him that she dared give no refreshment in this house, without Mr. Beckendorff's special order."

"Special order! why! surely your master will not grudge me the cold leg of a pheasant?"

"Mr. Beckendorff is not in the habit of grudging any thing," answered the housekeeper, with offended majesty.

"Then why should he object?" asked the Prince.

"Mr. Beckendorff is the best judge, Sir, of the propriety of his own regulations."

"Well, well!" said Vivian, more interested for his friend than himself, "there is no difficulty in asking Mr. Beckendorff."

"None in the least, Sir," answered the housekeeper, "when he is awake."

"Awake! said the Prince, "why! is he asleep now?"

"Yes, Sir, in the Library."

"And how long will he be asleep?" asked the Prince, with great eagerness.

"It is uncertain; he may be asleep for hours—he may wake in five minutes; all I can do, is to watch."

"But, surely in a case like the present, you can wake your master?"

"I could not wake Mr. Beckendorff, Sir, if

the house were on fire. No one can enter the room when he is asleep."

"Then how can you possibly know when he is awake?"

"I shall hear his violin immediately, Sir."

"Well, well! I suppose it must be so. Grey, I wish we were in Turriparva, that is all I know. Men of my station have no business to be paying visits to the sons of the Lord knows who! peasants, shopkeepers, and pedagogues!"

The Prince of Little Lilliput thought that mankind were solely created to hunt and to fight; and unless you could spear a boar or owned a commission, you were not included in his list of proper men. We smile at what we consider the narrow-minded ideas of a German Prince; yet, perhaps, if we enquire, we shall find that mankind, on an average, are influenced in all countries by the same feelings, and in the same degree; and the definition of *a gentleman* by a hero of St. James's-Street, if not exactly similar, will not be less unwise and

less ridiculous, than the Prince of Little Lilliput's description of a *proper man*. An officer in the guards once told me, that no person was a gentleman, who was not the son of a man who had twenty thousand a year landed property. Convinced that his declaration was sincere, I respected his prejudices, and did not dispute his definition. I should have behaved the same, had I been in Africa, and had a Hottentot dandy declared, that no person was to be visited who dared to devour the smoking entrails of a sheep in less than a couple of mouthfuls.

As a fire was blazing in the dining-room, which Mrs. Clara informed them Mr. Beckendorff never omitted having every night in the year, the Prince and his friend imagined that they were to remain there, and they consequently did not attempt to disturb the slumbers of Mr. Beckendorff. Resting his feet on the hobs, his Highness, for the fiftieth time, declared that he wished he had never left Turriparva; and just when Vivian was on the point of giving up, in despair, the hope of consoling him, Mrs. Clara entered, and proceeded to lay the cloth.

"Your master is awake, then?" asked the Prince, very quickly.

"Mr. Beckendorff has been long awake, Sir! and dinner will be ready immediately."

His Highness's countenance brightened; and in a short time the supper appearing, the Prince again fascinated by Mrs. Clara's cookery and Mr. Beckendorff's wine, forgot his chagrin, and regained his temper.

In about a couple of hours Mr. Beckendorff entered.

"I hope that Clara has given you wine you like, Mr. von Philipson?"

"Excellent, my dear Sir! the same binn, I'll answer for that."

Mr. Beckendorff had his violin in his hand; but his dress was much changed. His great boots being pulled off, exhibited the white silk stockings which he invariably wore; and his coat had given place to the easier covering of a very long and handsome brocade dressing-gown. He drew a chair round the fire, between the Prince and Vivian. It was a late hour, and the room was only lighted by the glimmering coals,

for the flames had long died away. Mr. Beckendorff sat for some time without speaking, gazing very earnestly on the decaying embers. Indeed, before many minutes had elapsed, complete silence prevailed; for both the endeavours of the Prince, and of Vivian, to promote conversation had been unsuccessful. At length the master of the house turned round to the Prince, and pointing to a particular mass of coal, said, "I think, Mr. von Philipson, that is the completest elephant I ever saw.—We will ring the bell for some coals, and then have a game of whist."

The Prince was so surprised by Mr. Beckendorff's remark, that he was not sufficiently struck by the strangeness of his proposition; and it was only when he heard Vivian professing his ignorance of the game, that it occurred to him that to play at whist was hardly the object for which he had travelled from Turriparva.

"An Englishman not know whist!" said Mr. Beckendorff: "ridiculous!—you do know it. You're thinking of the stupid game they play

here, of Boston whist. Let us play! Mr. von Philipson, I know, has no objection."

"But, my good Sir," said the Prince, "although previous to *conversation* I may have no objection to join in a little amusement, still it appears to me that it has escaped your memory that whist is a game which requires the co-operation of four persons."

"Not at all! I take dumbmy. I'm not sure it is not the finest way of playing the game."

The table was arranged, the lights brought, the cards produced, and the Prince of Little Lilliput, greatly to his surprise, found himself playing whist with Mr. Beckendorff. Nothing could be more dull. The Minister would neither bet nor stake; and the immense interest which he took in every card that was played, most ludicrously contrasted with the rather sullen looks of the Prince, and the very sleepy ones of Vivian. Whenever Mr. Beckendorff played for dumbmy, he always looked with the most searching eye into the next adversary's face, as if he would read his cards in his features. The first rubber lasted an hour and a half—

three long games, which Mr. Beckendorff, to his triumph, hardly won. In the first game of the second rubber Vivian blundered; in the second he revoked; and in the third, having neglected to play, and being loudly called upon, and rated both by his partner and Mr. Beckendorff, he was found to be asleep. Beckendorff threw down his hand with a loud dash, which roused Vivian from his slumber. He apologized for his drowsiness; but said that he was so extremely sleepy that he must retire. The Prince, who longed to be with Beckendorff alone, winked approbation of his intention.

"Well!" said Beckendorff, "you spoiled the rubber. I shall ring for Clara. Why you all are so fond of going to bed, I cannot understand. I have not been to bed these thirty years."

Vivian made his escape; and Beckendorff, pitying his degeneracy, proposed to the Prince, in a tone which seemed to anticipate that the offer would meet with instantaneous acceptation —double dumbmy;—this, however, was too much.

"No more cards, Sir, I thank you," said the Prince; "if, however, you have a mind for an hour's conversation, I am quite at your service."

"I am obliged to you—I never talk—good night, Mr. von Philipson."

Mr. Beckendorff left the room. His Highness could contain himself no longer. He rang the bell.

"Pray, Mrs. Clara," said he, "where are my horses?"

"Mr. Beckendorff will have no quadrupeds within a mile of the house, except Owlface."

"How do you mean?—let me see the man-servant."

"The household consists only of myself, Sir."

"Why! where is my luggage then?"

"That has been brought up, Sir; it is in your room."

"I tell you, I must have my horses."

"It is quite impossible to-night, Sir. I think, Sir, you had better retire; Mr. Beckendorff may not be home again these six hours."

"What! is your master gone out?"

"Yes, Sir, he is just gone out to take his ride."

"Why! where is his horse kept then?"

"It's Owlface, Sir."

"Owlface, indeed! what is your master in the habit of riding out at night?"

"Mr. Beckendorff rides out, Sir, just when it happens to suit him."

"It is very odd I cannot ride out when it happens to suit me! However, I'll be off to-morrow; and so, if you please, show me my bed-room at once."

"Your room is the Library, Sir."

"The Library! why, there's no bed in the Library."

"We have no beds, Sir; but the sofa is made up."

"No beds! well! it's only for one night. You are all mad, and I am as mad as you for coming here."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

CHAPTER VII.

The morning sun peeping through the window of the little Summer-house, roused its inmate at an early hour; and finding no signs of Mr. Beckendorff and his guest having yet arisen from their slumbers, Vivian took the opportunity of strolling about the gardens and the grounds. Directing his way along the margin of the river, he soon left the lawn, and entered some beautiful meadows, whose dewy verdure glistened in the brightening beams of the early sun. Crossing these, and passing through a gate, he found himself in a rural road, whose lofty hedge-rows, rich with all the varieties of wild fruit and flower, and animated with the cheering presence of the busy birds

chirping from every bough and spray, altogether presented a scene which greatly reminded him of the soft beauties of his own country. With some men, to remember is to be sad; and unfortunately for Vivian Grey, there were few objects which with him did not give rise to associations of a most painful nature. Of what he was thinking as he sat on a bank with his eyes fixed on the ground, it is needless to enquire. He was roused from his reverie by the sound of a trotting horse. He looked up, but the winding road prevented him at first from seeing the steed which evidently was approaching. The sound came nearer and nearer; and at length, turning a corner, Mr. Beckendorff came in sight. He was mounted on a very strong built, rough, and particularly ugly pony, with an obstinate mane, which defying the exertions of groom or ostler, fell in equal divisions on both sides of its bottle neck; and a large white face, which, combined with its blind, or blinking vision, had earned for it the euphonious and complimentary title of Owlface. Both master and steed must have travelled

hard and far, for both were covered with dust and mud from top to toe—from mane to hoof. Mr. Beckendorff seemed surprised at meeting Vivian, and pulled up his pony as he reached him.

"An early riser, I see, Sir. Where is Mr. von Philipson?"

"I have not yet seen him, and imagined that both he and yourself had not yet risen."

"Hum! how many hours is it to noon?" asked Mr. Beckendorff, who always spoke astronomically.

"More than four, I imagine."

"Pray do you prefer the country about here to Turriparva?"

"Both, I think, are very beautiful."

"You live at Turriparva?" asked Mr. Beckendorff.

"When I am there," answered Vivian, smiling, who was too practised a head to be *pumped* even by Mr. Beckendorff.

"Pray has it been a fine summer at Turriparva?"

"It has been a fine summer, I believe, every where."

"I am afraid Mr. von Philipson finds it rather dull here?"

"I am not aware of it."

"He seems a ve—ry——?" said Beckendorff, looking keenly in his companion's face. But Vivian did not supply the desired phrase; and so the Minister was forced to finish the sentence himself—"a very —— gentlemanly sort of man?" A low bow was the only response.

"I trust, Sir, I may indulge the hope," continued Mr. Beckendorff; "that you will honour me with your company another day."

"You are most exceedingly obliging, Sir!"

"Mr. von Philipson is fond, I think, of a country life?" said Beckendorff.

"Most men are, I think, Sir."

"I suppose he has no innate objection to live occasionally in a city?"

"Few men have, I think, Sir."

"You probably have known him long?"

"Not long enough to wish our acquaintance at an end."

"Hum!"

They proceeded in silence for about five

minutes, and then Beckendorff again turned round, and this time with a direct question.

"I wonder if Mr. von Philipson can make it convenient to honour me with his company another day. Can you tell me?"

"I think the best person to inform you of that, Sir, would be his Highness himself," said Vivian, using his friend's title purposely to show Mr. Beckendorff how very ridiculous he considered his present use of the incognito.

"You think so, Sir, do you?" answered Beckendorff, very sarcastically.

They had now arrived at the gate by which Vivian had reached the road.

"Your course, Sir," said Mr. Beckendorff, "lies that way. I see, like myself, you are no great talker. We shall meet at breakfast." So saying, the Minister set spurs to his pony, and was soon out of sight.

When Vivian reached the house, he found the bow-window of the Library thrown open; and as he approached, he saw Mr. Beckendorff enter the room, and bow to the Prince. His Highness had passed a most excellent night, in spite

of not sleeping in a bed; and he was at this moment commencing a most delicious breakfast. His ill-humour had consequently all vanished. He had made up his mind that Beckendorff was a madman; and although he had given up all the secret and flattering hopes which he had dared to entertain when the interview was first arranged, he nevertheless did not regret his visit, which on the whole had been very amusing, and had made him acquainted with the person and habits, and, as he believed, the intellectual powers of a man with whom, most probably, he should soon be engaged in open hostility. Vivian took his seat at the breakfast table, and Beckendorff stood conversing with them with his back to the fire-place, and occasionally, during the pauses of conversation, pulling the strings of his violin with his fingers. It did not escape Vivian's observation that the Minister was particularly courteous, and even attentive to his Highness; and that he endeavoured by his quick, and more communicative answers, and occasionally by a stray observation,

to encourage the good humour which was visible on the cheerful countenance of the Prince.

"Have you been long up, Mr. Beckendorff?" asked the Prince; for his host had resumed his dressing-gown and slippers.

"I generally see the sun rise."

"And yet you retire late!—out riding last night, I understand?"

"I never go to bed."

"Indeed!" said the Prince. "Well, for my part, without my regular rest, I am nothing. Have you breakfasted, Mr. Beckendorff?"

"Clara will bring my breakfast immediately."

The dame accordingly soon appeared, bearing a tray with a basin of boiling water, and one very large thick biscuit. This, Mr. Beckendorff having well soaked in the hot fluid, eagerly devoured; and then taking up his violin, amused himself until his guests had finished their breakfast.

When Vivian had ended his meal, he left the Prince and Mr. Beckendorff alone, determined that his presence should not be the occasion of

the Minister any longer retarding the commencement of business. The Prince, who by a private glance had been prepared for his departure, immediately took the opportunity of asking Mr. Beckendorff, in a very decisive tone, whether he might flatter himself that he could command his present attention to a subject of great importance. Mr. Beckendorff said that he was always at Mr. von Philipson's service; and drawing a chair opposite him, the Prince and Mr. Beckendorff now sat on each side of the fire-place.

"Hem!" said the Prince, clearing his throat; and he looked at Mr. Beckendorff, who sat with his heels close together, his toes out square, his hands resting on his knees, which, as well as his elbows, were turned out, his shoulders bent, his head reclined, and his eyes glancing.

"Hem!" said the Prince of Little Lilliput. "In compliance, Mr. Beckendorff, with your wish, developed in the communication received by me on the — inst., I assented in my answer to the arrangement then proposed; the object of which was, to use your own words, to facili-

tate the occurrence of an oral interchange of the sentiments of various parties interested in certain proceedings, by which interchange it was anticipated that the mutual interests might be respectively considered and finally arranged. Prior, Mr. Beckendorff, to either of us going into any detail upon those points of probable discussion, which will, in all likelihood, form the fundamental features of this interview; I wish to recall your attention to the paper which I had the honour of presenting to his Royal Highness, and which is alluded to in your communication of the — inst. The principal heads of that document I have brought with me, abridged in this paper."

Here the Prince handed to Mr. Beckendorff a MS. pamphlet, consisting of about sixty foolscap sheets closely written. The Minister bowed very graciously as he took it from his Highness's hand; and then, without even looking at it, he laid it on the table.

"You, Sir, I perceive," continued the Prince, "are acquainted with its contents; and it will therefore be unnecessary for me at present to

expatiate upon their individual expediency, or to argue for their particular adoption. And, Sir, when we observe the progress of the human mind, when we take into consideration the quick march of intellect, and the wide expansion of enlightened views and liberal principles —when we take a bird's-eye view of the history of man from the earliest ages to the present moment, I feel that it would be folly in me to conceive for an instant, that the measures developed and recommended in that paper, will not finally receive the approbation of his Royal Highness. As to the exact origin of slavery, Mr. Beckendorff, I confess that I am not, at this moment, prepared distinctly to speak. That the Divine Author of our religion was its decided enemy, I am informed, is clear. That the slavery of ancient times was the origin of the feudal service of a more modern period, is a point on which men of learning have not precisely made up their minds. With regard to the exact state of the ancient German people, Tacitus affords us a great deal of most interesting information. Whether or not, certain passages

which I have brought with me marked in the Germania, are incontestable evidences that our ancestors enjoyed or understood the practice of a wise and well-regulated liberty, is a point on which I shall be happy to receive the opinion of so distinguished a statesman as Mr. Beckendorff. In stepping forward, as I have felt it my duty to do, as the advocate of popular rights and national privileges, I am desirous to prove that I have not become the votary of innovation and the professor of revolutionary doctrines. The passages of the Roman Author in question, and an ancient charter of the Emperor Charlemagne, are, I consider, decisive and sufficient precedents for the measures which I have thought proper to sanction by my approval, and to support by my influence. A Minister, Mr. Beckendorff, must take care that in the great race of politics the minds of his countrymen do not leave his own behind them. We must never forget the powers and capabilities of man. On this very spot, perhaps, some centuries ago, savages clothed in skins were committing cannibalism in a forest.

We must not forget, I repeat, that it is the business of those to whom Providence has allotted the responsible possession of power and influence—that it is their duty—our duty, Mr. Beckendorff—to become guardians of our weaker fellow-creatures—that all power is a trust—that we are accountable for its exercise—that, from the people, and for the people, all springs, and all must exist; and that, unless we conduct ourselves with the requisite wisdom, prudence, and propriety, the whole system of society will be disorganized; and this country, in particular, fall a victim to that system of corruption and misgovernment, which has already occasioned the destruction of the great kingdoms mentioned in the Bible; and many other States besides—Greece, Rome, Carthage, &c."

Thus ended the peroration of an harangue, consisting of an incoherent arrangement of imperfectly remembered facts, and misunderstood principles; all gleaned by his Highness from the enlightening articles of the Reisenburg

journals. Like Brutus, the Prince of Little Lilliput paused for a reply.

"Mr. von Philipson," said his companion, when his Highness had finished, "you speak like a man of sense." Having given this answer, Mr. Beckendorff rose from his seat, and walked straight out of the room.

The Prince, at first, took the answer for a compliment; but Mr. Beckendorff not returning, he began to have a very faint idea that he was neglected. In this uncertainty, he rang the bell for his old friend Clara.

"Mrs. Clara! where is your master?"

"Just gone out, Sir."

"How do you mean?"

"He has gone out with his gun, Sir."

"You are quite sure he has gone out?"

"Quite sure, Sir. I took him his coat and boots myself."

"I am to understand, then, that your master has gone out?"

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Beckendorff has gone out. He will be home for his noon meal."

"That is enough!—Grey!" hallooed the

indignant Prince, darting into the garden; "Grey! Grey! where are you, Grey?"

"Well, my dear Prince," said Vivian; "what can possibly be the matter?"

"The matter! insanity can be the only excuse; insanity can alone account for his preposterous conduct. We have seen enough of him. The repetition of absurdity is only wearisome. Pray assist me in getting our horses immediately."

"Certainly, if you please; but remember you brought me here as your friend and counsellor. As I have accepted the trust, I cannot help being sensible of the responsibility. Before, therefore, you finally resolve upon departure, pray let me be fully acquainted with the circumstance which has impelled you to this sudden resolution."

"Willingly, my good friend, could I only command my temper; and yet to fall into a passion with a madman is almost a mark of madness: but his manner and his conduct are so provoking and so puzzling, that I cannot altogether repress my irritability. And that

ridiculous incognito! why I sometimes begin to think that I really am Mr. von Philipson! An incognito forsooth! for what? to deceive whom? His household apparently only consists of two persons, one of whom has visited me in my own castle; and the other is a cross old hag, who would not be able to comprehend my rank if she were aware of it. But to the point! When you left the room, I was determined to be trifled with no longer, and I asked him in a firm voice, and very marked manner, whether I might command his immediate attention to very important business. He professed to be at my service. I opened the affair by taking a cursory, yet definite, review of the principles in which my political conduct had originated, and on which it was founded. I flattered myself that I had produced an impression. Sometimes, my dear Grey, we are in a better cue for these expositions than at others, and to-day, I was really unusually felicitous. My memory never deserted me. I was, at the same time, luminous and profound; and while I was guided by the philosophical spirit of the

present day, I showed by my various reading, that I respected the experience of antiquity. In short, I was perfectly satisfied with myself; and with the exception of one single point about the origin of slavery, which unfortunately got entangled with the feudal system, I could not have got on better had Sievers himself been at my side. Nor did I spare Mr. Beckendorff; but on the contrary, my good fellow, I said a few things which, had he been in his senses, must, I imagine, have gone home to his feelings. Do you know I finished by drawing his own character, and showing the inevitable effects of his ruinous policy: and what do you think he did?"

"Left you in a passion?"

"Not at all. He seemed very much struck by what I had said, and apparently understood it. I have heard that in some species of insanity the patient is perfectly able to comprehend every thing addressed to him, though at that point his sanity ceases, and he is unable to answer, or to act. This must be Beckendorff's case; for no sooner had I finished, than he rose

up immediately, and saying that I spoke like a man of sense, he abruptly quitted the room. The housekeeper says he will not be at home again till that infernal ceremony takes place, called the noon-meal. Now do not you advise me to be off as soon as possible?"

"It will require some deliberation. Pray did you not speak to him last night?"

"Ah! I forgot that I had not been able to speak to you since then. Well! last night, what do you think he did? When you were gone, he had the insolence to congratulate me on the opportunity then afforded of playing double dumbmy; and when I declined his proposition, but said that if he wished to have an hour's conversation I was at his service, he very coolly told me that he never talked, and bade me good night! Did you ever know such a madman? He never goes to bed. I only had a sofa. How the deuce did you sleep?"

"Well, and safely, considering that I was in a summer-house without lock or bolt."

"Well! I need not ask you now as to your opinion of our immediately getting off. We

shall have, however, some trouble about our horses, for he will not allow a quadruped near the house, except some monster of an animal that he rides himself; and by St. Hubert! I cannot find out where our steeds are. What shall we do?" But Vivian did not answer. "Grey," continued his Highness; "what are you thinking of? Why don't you answer?"

"Your Highness must not go," said Vivian, shaking his head.

"Not go! why so, my good fellow?"

"Depend upon it, you are wrong about Beckendorff. That he is a humourist there is no doubt; but it appears to me to be equally clear, that his queer habits and singular mode of life are not of late adoption. What he is now, he must have been these ten, perhaps these twenty years, perhaps more. Of this there are a thousand proofs about us. As to the overpowering cause which has made him the character he appears at present, it is needless for us to enquire. Probably some incident in his private life, in all likelihood connected with the mysterious picture. Let us be satisfied with

the effect. If the case be as I state it, in his private life and habits Beckendorff must have been equally incomprehensible and equally singular at the very time that, in his public capacity, he was producing such brilliant results, as at the present moment. Now then, can we believe him to be insane? I anticipate your objections. I know you will enlarge upon the evident absurdity of his inviting his political opponent to his house, for a grave consultation on the most important affairs, and then treating him as he has done you; when it must be clear to him that you cannot be again duped, and when he must feel that were he to amuse you for as many weeks as he has days, your plans and your position would not be injuriously affected. Be it so.—Probably a humourist like Beckendorff cannot, even in the most critical moment, altogether restrain the bent of his capricious inclinations. However, my dear Prince, I will lay no stress upon this point. My opinion, indeed my conviction is, that Beckendorff acts from design. I have considered his conduct well; and I have observed all that you have

seen, and more than you have seen, and keenly. Depend upon it, that since you assented to the interview, Beckendorff has been obliged to shift his intended position for negotiation. Some of the machinery has gone wrong. Fearful, if he had postponed your visit, you should imagine that he was only again amusing you, and consequently listen to no future overtures, he has allowed you to attend a conference for which he is not prepared. That he is making desperate exertions to bring the business to a point is my firm opinion; and you would perhaps agree with me, were you as convinced as I am, that since we parted last night our host has been to Reisenburg and back again."

"To Reisenburg, and back again!"

"Ay! I rose this morning at an early hour, and imagining that both you and Beckendorff had not yet made your appearance, I escaped from the grounds, intending to explore part of the surrounding country. In my stroll I came to a narrow winding road, which I am convinced lies in the direction towards Reisenburg; there, for some reason or other, I loitered

more than an hour, and very probably should have been too late for breakfast, had not I been recalled to myself by the approach of a horseman. It was Beckendorff, covered with dust and mud. His horse had been evidently hard ridden. I did not think much of it at the time, because I supposed he might have been out for three or four hours, and hard-worked, but I nevertheless was struck by his appearance; and when you mentioned that he went out riding at a late hour last night, it immediately occurred to me, that had he come home at one or two o'clock, it was not very probable that he would have gone out again at four or five. I have no doubt that my conjecture is correct—Beckendorff has been at Reisenburg."

"You have placed this business in a new and important light," said the Prince, his expiring hopes reviving; "what, then, do you advise me to do?"

"To be quiet. If your own view of the case be right, you can act as well to-morrow or the next day as this moment; on the contrary, if mine be the correct one, a moment may ena-

ble Beckendorff himself to bring affairs to a crisis. In either case, I should recommend you to be silent, and in no manner to allude any more to the object of your visit. If you speak, you only give opportunities to Beckendorff of ascertaining your opinions and your inclinations; and your silence, after such frequent attempts on your side to promote discussion upon business, will soon be discovered by him to be systematic. This will not decrease his opinion of your sagacity and firmness. The first principle of negotiation is to make your adversary respect you."

After long consultation, the Prince determined to follow Vivian's advice; and so firmly did he adhere to his purpose, that when he met Mr. Beckendorff at the noon meal, he asked him, with a very unembarrassed voice and manner, "what sport he had had in the morning?"

The noon meal again consisted of a single dish, as exquisitely dressed, however, as the preceding one. It was a splendid haunch of venison.

"This is my dinner, gentlemen," said Becken-

dorff; "let it be your luncheon: I have ordered your dinner at sunset."

After having eaten a slice of the haunch, Mr. Beckendorff rose from table, and said, "we will have our wine in the drawing-room, Mr. von Philipson, and then you will not be disturbed with my birds."

He left the room.

To the drawing-room, therefore, his two guests soon adjourned. They found him busily employed with his pencil. The Prince thought it must be a chart or a fortification at least, and was rather surprised when Mr. Beckendorff asked him the magnitude of Mirac in Boötes: and the Prince, confessing his utter ignorance of the subject, the Minister threw aside his unfinished Planisphere, and drew his chair to them at the table. It was with great pleasure that his Highness perceived a bottle of his favourite Tokay; and with no little astonishment he observed, that to-day, there were three wine-glasses placed before them. They were of peculiar beauty, and almost worthy, for their elegant shapes and great antiquity, of being

included in the collection of the Duke of Schoss Johannisberger.

"Your praise of my cellar, Sir," said Mr. Beckendorff, very graciously, "has made me turn wine-drinker." So saying, the Minister took up one of the rare glasses and held it to the light. His keen, glancing eye, detected an almost invisible cloud on the side of the delicate glass, and jerking it across him, he flung it into the farthest corner of the room—it was shivered into a thousand pieces. He took up the second glass, examined it very narrowly, and then sent it, with equal force, after its companion. The third one shared the same fate. He rose and rang the bell.

"Clara!" said Mr. Beckendorff, in his usual tone of voice, "some clean glasses, and sweep away that litter in the corner."

"He is mad then!" thought the Prince of Little Lilliput, and he shot a glance at his companion, which Vivian could not misunderstand.

After exhausting their bottle, in which they

were assisted to the extent of one glass by their host, who drank Mr. von Philipson's health with cordiality, they assented to Mr. Beckendorff's proposition of visiting his fruitery.

To the Prince's great relief, dinner-time soon arrived; and having employed a couple of hours on that meal very satisfactorily, he and Vivian adjourned to the drawing-room, having previously pledged their honour to each other, that nothing should again induce them to play dumbmy whist. Their resolutions and their promises were needless. Mr. Beckendorff, who was sitting opposite the fire when they came into the room, neither by word nor motion acknowledged that he was aware of their entrance. Vivian found refuge in a book; and the Prince, after having examined and re-examined the brilliant birds that figured on the drawing-room paper, fell asleep upon the sofa. Mr. Beckendorff took down the guitar, and accompanied himself in a low voice for some time; then he suddenly ceased, and stretching out his legs, and supporting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, he leant back in his chair, and

remained perfectly motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the picture. Vivian, in turn gazed upon this singular being, and the fair pictured form which he seemed to idolize. Was he, too, unhappy? Had he too been bereft in the hour of his proud and perfect joy? Had he too lost a virgin bride?—His agony overcame him, the book fell from his hand, and he groaned aloud! Mr. Beckendorff started, and the Prince awoke. Vivian, confounded, and unable to overpower his emotions, uttered some hasty words, explanatory, apologetical, and contradictory, and retired. In his walk to the summer-house, a man passed him. In spite of a great cloak, Vivian recognized him as their messenger and guide; and his ample mantle did not conceal his riding boots, and the spurs which glistened in the moonlight.

It was an hour past midnight when the door of the summer-house softly opened, and Mr. Beckendorff entered. He started when he found Vivian still undressed, and pacing up and down the little chamber. The young man made an effort, when he witnessed an

intruder, to compose a countenance whose agitation could not be concealed.

"What are you up again?" said Mr. Beckendorff. "Are you ill?"

"Would I were as well in mind as in body! I have not yet been to rest. We cannot command our feelings at all moments, Sir; and at this, especially, I felt that I had a right to consider myself alone."

"I most exceedingly regret that I have disturbed you," said Mr. Beckendorff, in a very kind voice, and in a manner which responded to the sympathy of his tone. "I thought that you had been long asleep. There is a star which I cannot exactly make out. I fancy it must be a comet, and so I ran to the Observatory; but let me not disturb you," and Mr. Beckendorff was retiring.

"You do not disturb me, Sir. I cannot sleep:—pray ascend."

"Oh no! never mind the star. But if you really have no inclination to sleep, let us sit down, and have a little conversation; or perhaps we had better take a stroll. It is a very warm

night." As he spoke, Mr. Beckendorff gently put his arm within Vivian's, and led him down the steps.

"Are you an astronomer, Sir," asked Beckendorff.

"I can tell the great Bear, from the little Dog; bnt I confess that I look upon the stars rather in a poetical than a scientific spirit."

"Hum! I confess I do not."

"There are moments," continued Vivian, "when I cannot refrain from believing that these mysterious luminaries have more influence over our fortunes than modern times are disposed to believe. I feel that I am getting less sceptical, perhaps I should say more credulous, every day; but sorrow makes us superstitious."

"I discard all such fantasies," said Mr. Beckendorff; "they only tend to enervate our mental energies, and paralize all human exertion. It is the belief in these, and a thousand other deceits I could mention, which teach man that he is not the master of his own mind, but the ordained victim, or the chance sport of circumstances, that makes millions pass through life

unimpressive as shadows; and has gained for this existence the stigma of a vanity which it does not deserve."

"I wish that I could think as you do," said Vivian; "but the experience of my life forbids me. Within only these last two years, my career has, in so many instances, indicated that I am not the master of my own conduct; that no longer able to resist the conviction which is hourly impressed on me, I recognize in every contingency the pre-ordination of my fate."

"A delusion of the brain!" said Beckendorff, very quickly. "Fate, Destiny, Chance, particular and special Providence—idle words! Dismiss them all, Sir! A man's Fate is his own temper; and according to that will be his opinion as to the particular manner in which the course of events is regulated. A consistent man believes in Destiny—a capricious man in Chance."

"But, Sir, what is a man's temper? It may be changed every hour. I started in life with very different feelings to those which I profess at this moment. With great deference to you,

I imagine that you mistake the effect for the cause; for surely temper is not the origin, but the result of those circumstances of which we are all the creatures."

"Sir, I deny it. Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men. We are free agents, and man is more powerful than matter. I recognize no intervening influence between that of the established course of Nature, and my own mind. Truth may be distorted—may be stifled—be suppressed.—The invention of cunning deceits may, and in most instances does, prevent man from exercising his own powers. They have made him responsible to a realm of shadows, and a suitor in a court of shades. He is ever dreading authority which does not exist, and fearing the occurrence of penalties which there are none to enforce. But the mind that dares to extricate itself from these vulgar prejudices, that proves its loyalty to its Creator by devoting all its adoration to his glory—such a spirit as this becomes a master-mind, and

that master-mind will invariably find that circumstances are its slaves."

"Mr. Beckendorff, your's is a very bold philosophy, of which I, myself, was once a votary. How successful in my service, you may judge by finding me a wanderer."

"Sir! your present age is the age of error: your whole system is founded on a fallacy: you believe that a man's temper can change. I deny it. If you have ever seriously entertained the views which I profess; if, as you lead me to suppose, you have dared to act upon them, and failed; sooner or later, whatever may be your present conviction, and your present feelings, you will recur to your original wishes, and your original pursuits. With a mind experienced and matured, you may in all probability be successful; and then I suppose, stretching your legs in your easy chair, you will at the same moment be convinced of your own genius, and recognize your own Destiny!"

"With regard to myself, Mr. Beckendorff, I am convinced of the erroneousness of your

views. It is my opinion, that no one who has dared to think, can look upon this world in any other than a mournful spirit. Young as I am, nearly two years have elapsed since, disgusted with the world of politics, I retired to a foreign solitude. At length, with passions subdued, and, as I flatter myself, with a mind matured, convinced of the vanity of all human affairs, I felt emboldened once more partially to mingle with my species. Bitter as my lot had been, as a philosopher, I had discovered the origin of my misery in my own unbridled passions; and, tranquil and subdued, I now trusted to pass through life as certain of no fresh sorrows, as I was of no fresh joys. And yet, Sir, I am at this moment sinking under the infliction of unparalleled misery—misery which I feel I have a right to believe was undeserved. But why expatiate to a stranger on sorrow which must be secret? I deliver myself up to my remorseless Fate."

"What is Grief?" said Mr. Beckendorff;—"if it be excited by the fear of some contingency, instead of grieving, a man should exert

his energies, and prevent its occurrence. If, on the contrary, it be caused by an event, that which has been occasioned by any thing human, by the co-operation of human circumstances, can be, and invariably is, removed by the same means. Grief is the agony of an instant; the indulgence of Grief, the blunder of a life. Mix in the world, and in a month's time you will speak to me very differently. A young man, you meet with disappointment,—in spite of all your exalted notions of your own powers, you immediately sink under it. If your belief of your powers were sincere, you should have proved it by the manner in which you struggled against adversity, not merely by the mode in which you laboured for advancement. The latter is but a very inferior merit. If in fact you wish to succeed, success, I repeat, is at your command. You talk to me of your experience; and do you think that my sentiments are the crude opinions of an unpractised man? Sir! I am not fond of conversing with any person; and therefore, far from being inclined to maintain an argument in a spirit of insin-

cerity, merely for the sake of a victory of words. Mark what I say: it is truth. No Minister ever yet fell, but from his own inefficiency. If his downfall be occasioned, as it generally is, by the intrigues of one of his own creatures, his downfall is merited for having been the dupe of a tool, which in all probability he should never have employed. If he fall through the open attacks of his political opponents, his downfall is equally deserved, for having occasioned by his impolicy the formation of a party; for having allowed it to be formed; or for not having crushed it when formed. No conjuncture can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from which a man, by his own energy, may not extricate himself—as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending water-spout!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was on the third day of the visit to Mr. Beckendorff, just as that gentleman was composing his mind after his noon meal with his favourite Cremona, and in a moment of rapture raising his instrument high in air, that the door was suddenly dashed open, and Essper George rushed into the room. The intruder, the moment that his eye caught Vivian, flew to his master, and seizing him by the arm, commenced and continued a loud shout of exultation, accompanying his scream the whole time by a kind of quick dance; which, though not quite as clamorous as the Pyrrhic, nevertheless completely drowned the scientific harmony of Mr. Beckendorff.

So perfectly astounded were the three gentlemen by this unexpected entrance, that some moments elapsed ere either of them found words at his command. At length the master of the house spoke.

"Mr. von Philipson, I beg the favour of being informed who this person is?"

The Prince did not answer, but looked at Vivian in great distress; and just as our hero was about to give Mr. Beckendorff the requisite information, Essper George, taking up the parable himself, seized the opportunity of explaining the mystery.

"Who am I?—who are you? I am an honest man, and no traitor; and if all were the same, why, then there would be no rogues in Reisenburg, and no lone houses in woods and bye places to wheedle young lords to. Who am I?—a man. There's an arm! there's a leg! Can you see through a wood by twilight? if so, your's is a better eye than mine. Can you eat an unskinned hare, or dine on the haunch of a bounding stag? if so, your teeth are sharper than mine. Can you hear a robber's footstep

when he's kneeling before murder? or can you listen to the snow falling on Midsummer's day? if so, your ears are finer than mine. Can you run with a chamois?—can you wrestle with a bear?—can you swim with an otter? if so, I'm your match. How many cities have you seen?—how many knaves have you gulled?—what's the average price of lawyer's breath in all the capitals of Christendom?—Which is dearest, bread or justice?—Why do men pay more for the protection of life, than life itself?—Who first bought gold with diamonds?—Is cheatery a staple at Constantinople as it is at Vienna?—and what's the difference between a Baltic merchant and a Greek pirate?—Tell me all this, and I will tell you who went in mourning in the moon at the death of the last comet. Who am I, indeed!"

The agony of the Prince and Vivian, while Essper George, with inconceivable rapidity, addressed to Mr. Beckendorff these choice queries, was inconceivable. Once Vivian tried to check him, but in vain. He did not repeat his attempt, for he was sufficiently employed in

restraining his own agitation, and keeping his own countenance; for in spite of the mortification and anger that Essper's appearance had excited in him, still an unfortunate, but innate taste for the ludicrous, did not allow him to be perfectly insensible to the humour of the scene. Mr. Beckendorff listened very quietly till Essper had finished—he then rose.

"Mr. von Philipson," said he "as a personal favour to yourself, and to my own great inconvenience, I consented that in this interview you should be attended by a friend. I did not reckon upon your servant, and it is impossible that I can tolerate his presence for a moment. You know how I live, and that my sole attendant is a female. I allow no male servants within this house. Even when his Royal Highness honours me with his presence, he is unattended. I desire that I am immediately released from the presence of this buffoon."

So saying, Mr. Beckendorff left the room.

"Who are you?" said Essper, following him, with his back bent, his head on his chest, and his eyes glancing. The imitation was perfect.

As soon as Mr. Beckendorff had retired, the Prince raised his eyes to heaven, and clasped his hands with a look of great anguish.

"Well, Grey! here's a business. What is to be done?"

"Essper," said Vivian, "your conduct is inexcusable, the mischief that you have done irreparable, and your punishment shall be most severe."

"Severe! Why, what day did your Highness sell your gratitude for a silver groschen! Severe! Is this the return for finding you out, and saving you from a thousand times more desperate gang than that Baron at Ems! Severe! Severe indeed will be your lot when you are in a dungeon in Reisenburg Castle, with black bread for roast venison, and sour water for Rhenish! Severe, indeed!"

"Why, what are you talking about?"

"Talking about! About bloody treason, and arch traitors, and an old scoundrel who lives in a lone lane, and dares not look you straight in the face. Why, his very blink is enough to hang him without trial! Talking about! About

a young gentleman, whom, if he were not my master, no one, with my leave, should say was not as neat a squire as ever kissed a maid instead of going to church."

"Essper, you will be so good as to drop all this gesticulation, and let this rhodomontade cease immediately; and then in distinct terms inform his Highness and myself of the causes of this unparalleled intrusion."

The impressiveness of Vivian's manner produced a proper effect; and except that he spoke somewhat affectedly slow, and ridiculously precise, Essper George delivered himself with great clearness.

"You see, your Highness never let me know that you were going to leave, and so when I found that you didn't come back, I made bold to speak to Mr. Arnelm when he came home from hunting; but I couldn't get enough breath out of him to stop a lady-bird on a rose-leaf. I didn't much like it, your honour, for I was among strangers and so were you, you know. Well, then I went to Master Rodolph: he was very kind to me, and seeing me in low spirits,

and thinking me, I suppose, in love, or in debt, or that I had done some piece of mischief, or had something or other preying on my mind; he comes to me, and says, 'Essper,' said he— you remember Master Rodolph's voice, your Highness?"

"Go on, go on—to the point. Never let me hear Master Rodolph's name again."

"Yes, your Highness! Well, well! he said to me, 'come and dine with me in my room;' says I, 'I will.' A good offer should never be refused, unless we have a better one at the same time. Whereupon, after dinner, Master Rodolph said to me—'we'll have a bottle of Burgundy for a treat.'—You see, Sir, we were rather sick of the Rhenish. Well, your Highness, we were free with the wine; and Master Rodolph, who is never easy, except when he knows every thing, must be trying, you see, to get out of me what it was that made me so down in the mouth. I, seeing this, thought I'd put off the secret to another bottle; which being produced, I did not conceal from him any longer what was making me so low. Ro-

dolph, said I, I don't like my young master going out in this odd way: he's of a temper to get into scrapes, and I should like very much to know what he and the Prince (saving your Highness's presence) are after. They have been shut up in that Cabinet these two nights, and though I walked by the door pretty often, devil a bit of a word ever came through the key-hole; and so you see,—Rodolph,' said I, 'it requires a bottle or two of Burgundy to keep my spirits up.' Well, your Highness, strange to say, no sooner had I spoken, than Master Rodolph,—he has been very kind to me—very kind indeed—he put his head across the little table—we dined at the little table on the right hand of the room as you enter—"

"Go on."

"I am going on. Well! he put his head across the little table, and said to me in a low whisper, cocking his odd-looking eye at the same time; 'I tell you what, Essper, you're a damned sharp fellow!' and so, giving a shake of his head, and another wink of his eye, he was quiet. I smelt a rat, but I didn't begin to

pump directly, but after the third bottle—'Rodolph,' said I, 'with regard to your last observation (for we had not spoken lately, Burgundy being too fat a wine for talking) we are *both* of us damned sharp fellows. I dare say now, you and I are thinking of the same thing.' 'No doubt of it,' said Rodolph. And so, your Highness, he agreed to tell me what he was thinking of, on condition that I should be equally frank afterwards. Well, your Highness, he told me that there were sad goings on at Turriparva.

"The deuce!" said the Prince.

"Let him tell his story," said Vivian.

"Sad goings on at Turriparva! He wished that his Highness would hunt more, and attend less to politics; and then he told me quite confidentially, that his Highness the Prince, and Heaven knows how many other Princes besides, had leagued together, and were going to dethrone the Grand Duke, and that his master was to be made King, and he, Master Rodolph, Prime Minister. Hearing all this, and duly allowing for a tale over a bottle, I made no

doubt, as I find to be the case, that your Highness was being led into some mischief; and as I know that conspiracies are always unsuccessful, I've done my best to save my master; and I beseech you, upon my knees, my darling Sir, to get out of the scrape as soon as you possibly can." Here Essper George threw himself at Vivian's feet, and entreated him in the most earnest terms, to quit the house immediately.

"Was ever any thing so absurd and so mischievous!" ejaculated the Prince; and then he conversed with Vivian for some time in a whisper. "Essper," at length Vivian said, "you have committed one of the most perfect and most injurious blunders that you could possibly perpetrate. The mischief which may result from your imprudent conduct is incalculable. How long is it since you have thought proper to regulate your conduct on the absurd falsehoods of a drunken steward? His Highness and myself wish to consult in private; but on no account leave the house. Now mind me; if you leave this house without my permission,

you forfeit the little chance which remains of being retained in my service."

"Where am I to go, Sir?"

"Stay in the passage."

"Suppose (here he imitated Beckendorff) comes to me."

"Then open the door, and come into this room."

Essper looked very doubtful, and rather disappointed. He quitted the room, and the Prince and Vivian thought themselves alone; but Essper suddenly opened the door, and said in a loud and very lamentable tone, with a most rueful expression of countenance—"Oh, my young master! beware! beware! beware!"

"Well," said the Prince, when the door was at length shut; "one thing is quite clear. He does not know who Beckendorff is."

"So far satisfactory; but I feel the force of your Highness's observations. It is a most puzzling case. To send him back to Turriparva would be madness: the whole affair would be immediately revealed over another bottle of

Burgundy with Master Rodolph: in fact, your Highness's visit would be a secret to no one in the country: your host would be soon discovered, and the evil consequences are incalculable. I know no one to send him to at Reisenburg; and if I did, it appears to me, that the same objections equally apply to his proceeding to that city as to his returning to Turriparva. What is to be done? Surely some dæmon must have inspired him. We cannot now request Beckendorff to allow him to stay here; and if we did, I am convinced, from his tone and manner, that nothing could induce him to comply with our wish. The only course to be pursued is certainly an annoying one; but as far as I can judge, it is the only mode by which very serious mischief can be prevented. Let me proceed forthwith to Reisenburg with Essper. Placed immediately under my eye, and solemnly adjured by me to silence, I think I can answer, particularly when I give him a gentle hint of the station of Beckendorff, for his preserving the confidence with

which it will now be our policy partially to entrust him. It is, to say the least, awkward and distressing to leave you alone, but what is to be done? It does not appear that I can now be of any material service to you. I have assisted you as much, and more than we could reasonably have supposed it would have been in my power to have done, by throwing some light upon the character and situation of Beckendorff. With the clue to his conduct, which my chance meeting with him yesterday morning has afforded us, the only point for your Highness to determine is, as to the length of time you will resolve to wait for his communication. As to your final agreement together, with your Highness's settled views and decided purpose, all the difficulty of negotiation will be on his side. Whatever, my dear Prince," continued Vivian, with a very significant voice and very marked emphasis; "whatever, my dear Prince, may be your secret wishes, be assured that to attain them in your present negotiation, you have only *to be firm.* Let

nothing divert you from your purpose, and the termination of this interview must be gratifying to you."

The Prince of Little Lilliput was very disinclined to part with his shrewd counsellor, who had already done him considerable service; and he strongly opposed Vivian's proposition. His opposition, however, like that of most other persons, was unaccompanied by any suggestion on his part; and as both agreed that something must be done, it of course ended in the Prince's being of opinion that Vivian's advice must be followed. Having once come to a resolution, it was always a rule with Vivian Grey to carry it into effect as quickly as possible; and he therefore suggested that they should immediately go to Beckendorff, and inform him of the result of their consultation. The Prince was really very much affected by this sudden and unexpected parting with one for whom, though he had known him so short a time, he began to entertain a very sincere regard. "I owe you my life," said the Prince; "and perhaps more than my life; and here

we are about suddenly to part, never to meet again. I wish I could get you to make Turriparva your home. You should have your own suite of rooms, your own horses, your own servants; and never feel for an instant that you were not master of all around you. In truth," continued the Prince, with great earnestness, "I wish, my dear friend, you would really think seriously of this. You know you could visit Vienna, and even Italy, and yet return to me. Max would be delighted to see you: he loves you already. and Sievers and his library would be at your command. Agree to my proposition, my dear friend."

"I cannot express to your Highness how sensible I am of your kindness. Your friendship I sincerely value, and shall never forget: but I am too unhappy and unlucky a being to burden any one with my constant presence. Adieu! or will you go with me to Beckendorff?"

"Oh, go with you by all means! But," said the Prince, taking a ruby ring of great antiquity off his finger; "I should feel happy if you would wear this for my sake."

The Prince was so much affected at the thoughts of parting with Vivian, that he could scarcely speak. Vivian accepted the ring with a cordiality which the kind-hearted donor deserved; and yet our hero unfortunately had had rather too much experience of the world, not to be aware that, most probably, in less than another week his affectionate friend would not be able to recall his name under an hour's recollection. Such are friends! The moment that we are not at their side, we are neglected; and the moment that we die, we are forgotten!

They found Mr. Beckendorff in his Library. In apprising Mr. Beckendorff of his intention of immediately quitting his roof, Vivian did not omit to state the causes of his sudden departure. These not only accounted for the abruptness of his movement, but also gave Beckendorff an opportunity of preventing its necessity, by allowing Essper to remain. But the opportunity was not seized by Mr. Beckendorff. The truth was, that gentleman had a particular wish to see Vivian out of his house. In allowing the Prince of Little Lilliput to be attended

during the interview by a friend, Beckendorff had prepared himself for the reception of some brawny Jagd Junker, or some thick-headed Chamberlain, who he reckoned would act rather as an incumbrance than an aid to his opponent. It was with great mortification, therefore, that he found him accompanied by a shrewd, experienced, wary, and educated Englishman. A man like Beckendorff soon discovered that Vivian Grey's was no common mind. His conversation with him, of the last night, had given him high notions of his powers; and the moment that Beckendorff saw Essper George enter the house, he determined that he should be the cause of Vivian leaving it. There was also another and weighty reason for Mr. Beckendorff desiring that the Prince of Little Lilliput should at this moment be left to himself.

"Mr. Grey will ride on to Reisenburg immediately," said the Prince; "and, my dear friend, you may depend upon having your luggage by the day after to-morrow. I shall be at Turriparva early to-morrow morning, and it will be my first care."

This was said in a very loud voice, and both gentlemen watched Mr. Beckendorff's countenance as the information was given; but no emotion was visible.

"Well, Sir, good morning to you," said Mr. Beckendorff; I am very sorry you are going. Had I known it sooner, I would have given you a letter. If you are likely to travel much, I would recommend you to wear flannel waistcoats. Perhaps you do wear them. Mr. von Philipson," said Beckendorff, "do me the favour of looking over that paper." So saying, Mr. Beckendorff put some official report into the Prince's hand; and while his Highness' attention was attracted by this sudden request, Mr. Beckendorff laid his finger on Vivian's arm, and said, in a lower tone, "I shall take care that you find a powerful friend at Reisenburg!"

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

As Vivian left the room, Mr. Beckendorff was seized with an unusual desire to converse with the Prince of Little Lilliput, and his Highness was consequently debarred the consolation of walking with his friend as far as the horses. At the little gate Vivian and Essper encountered the only male attendant who was allowed to approach the house of Mr. Beckendorff. As Vivian quietly walked his horse up the rough turf road, he could not refrain from recurring to his conversation of the previous night; and when he called to mind

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the adventures of the last six days, he had new cause to wonder at, and perhaps to lament over, his singular fate. In that short time he had saved the life of a powerful Prince, and been immediately signalled out, without any exertion on his part, as the object of that Prince's friendship. The moment he arrives at his castle, by a wonderful contingency, he becomes the depositary of important state secrets, and assists in a consultation of the utmost importance with one of the most powerful Ministers in Europe. And now the object of so much friendship, confidence, and honour, he is suddenly on the road to the capital of the State of which his late host is the prime Minister, and his friend the chief subject, without even the convenience of a common letter of introduction; and with no prospect of viewing with even the usual advantages of a common traveller, one of the most interesting of European Courts.

When he had proceeded about half way up the turf lane, he found a private road to his right; which, with that spirit of adventure for

which Englishmen are celebrated, he immediately resolved must not only lead to Reisenburg, but also carry him to that city much sooner than the regular high road. He had not advanced far up this road before he came to the gate at which he had parted with Beckendorff on the morning that gentleman had roused him so unexpectedly from his reverie in a green lane. He was surprised to find a horseman dismounting at the gate. Struck by this singular circumstance, the appearance of the stranger was not unnoticed. He was a tall and well-proportioned man, and as the traveller passed he stared Vivian so fully in the face, that our hero did not fail to remark his very handsome countenance, the expression of which, however, was rather vacant and unpleasing. He was dressed in a riding-coat, exactly similar to the one always worn by Beckendorff's messenger; and had Vivian not seen him so distinctly, he would have mistaken him for that person. The stranger was rather indifferently mounted, and carried his cloak and a small portmanteau at the back of his saddle.

"I suppose it is the butler," said Essper George, who now spoke for the first time since his dismissal from the room. Vivian did not answer him; not because he entertained any angry feeling on account of his exceedingly unpleasant visit. By no means:—it was impossible for a man like Vivian Grey to cherish an irritated feeling for a second. The Emperor Augustus, (I quote from my last school theme;) the Emperor Augustus had a habit, whenever he was on the point of falling into a passion, of repeating his alphabet. It was then the fashion for emperors to be somewhat more erudite than they are at present. Whether the Roman's recipe for keeping his temper could be pursued by some modern emperors, or many private persons that I could mention, is a point on which I do not feel qualified to decide. Saying the alphabet, for instance, accurately in the language of Thibet, where the characters are of two kinds—the *uchem* and the *umin*—and consist principally of arbitrary guttural and nasal sounds, would be no joke. My plan to moderate a temper is much briefer

than that of Imperial Cæsar. You have only to repeat nine letters, and spell *human life;* and if there be a man who can grieve or rage when any thing so inexpressibly ludicrous is recalled to his attention, why then he deserves to live all his life in a volcano, and snuff high-dried cayenne instead of pounded tobacco.

But Vivian Grey did not exchange a syllable with Essper George, merely because he was not in the humour to speak. He could not refrain from musing on the singular events of the last few days; and, above all, the character of Beckendorff particularly engrossed his meditation. Their extraordinary conversation of the preceding night excited in his mind new feelings of wonder, and revived emotions which he thought were dead, or everlastingly dormant. Apparently, the philosophy on which Beckendorff had regulated his extraordinary career, and by which he had arrived at his almost unparalleled pitch of greatness, was exactly the same with which he himself, Vivian Grey, had started in life; which he had found so fatal in its consequences; which he believed

to be so vain in its principles. How was this? What radical error had he committed? It required little consideration. Thirty, and more than thirty, years had passed over the head of Beckendorff, ere the world felt his power, or indeed was conscious of his existence. A deep student, not only of man in detail, but of man in groupes—not only of individuals, but of nations,—Beckendorff had hived up his ample knowledge of all subjects which could interest his fellow-creatures; and when that opportunity, which in this world occurs to all men, occurred to Beckendorff, he was prepared. With acquirements equal to his genius, Beckendorff depended only upon himself, and succeeded. Vivian Grey, with a mind inferior to no man's, dashed on the stage, in years a boy, though in feelings a man. Brilliant as might have been his genius, his acquirements necessarily were insufficient. He could not depend only upon himself; a consequent necessity arose to have recourse to the assistance of others; to inspire them with feelings which they could not share; and humour and manage the

petty weaknesses which he himself could not experience. His colleagues were, at the same time, to work for the gratification of their own private interests, the most palpable of all abstract things; and to carry into execution a great purpose, which their feeble minds, interested only by the first point, cared not to comprehend. The unnatural combination failed; and its originator fell. To believe that he could recur again to the hopes, the feelings, the pursuits of his boyhood, he felt to be the vainest of delusions. It was the expectation of a man like Beckendorff—whose career, though difficult, though hazardous, had been uniformly successful—of a man who mistook cares for grief, and anxiety for sorrow.

The travellers entered the city at sunset. Proceeding through an ancient and unseemly town, full of long, narrow, and ill-paved streets, and black uneven built houses, they ascended the hill, on the top of which was situated the new and Residence town of Reisenburg. The proud palace, the white squares, the architectural streets, the new churches, the elegant

opera house, the splendid hotels, and the gay public gardens full of busts, vases, and statues, and surrounded by an iron railing cast out of the cannon taken from both sides during the war, by the Reisenburg troops, and now formed into pikes and fasces, glittering with gilded heads — all these shining in the setting sun, produced an effect which, at any time, and in any place, would have been beautiful and striking; but on the present occasion were still more so, from the remarkable contrast they afforded to the ancient, gloomy, and filthy town through which Vivian had just passed; and where, from the lowness of its situation, the sun had already set. There was as much difference between the old and new town of Reisenburg, as between the old barbarous Margrave, and the new and noble Grand Duke.

A man is never sooner domesticated than in a first-rate hotel, particularly on the Continent; where, in fact, life is never domestic, and where, dining every day as you do at a table d'hôte, at which half of the respectable housekeepers in the city attend, you feel from this circumstance

that there is no mode of life to be preferred to the one that your situation obliges you to adopt. In London it is sometimes different; and a man retiring, after his daily lounge, to his solitary meal at Long's or Stevens's, is apt sometimes to feel lonely, particularly when he has not an engagement for the evening, or his claret is not in the most superb condition.

Claret, bright Claret! solace of the soul, and the heart's best friend! How many suicides hast thou prevented! how many bruised spirits and breaking hearts has thy soft and soothing flow assuaged and made whole! Man, do thy worst—and woman, do thy best—one consolation always remains. Long bills and libels, a duel and a dun, a jealous woman and a boring man are evils, and the worst—as also are a rowing father and a surly son, pert daughters and manœuvering mothers. Some dislike old maids, few dislike young ones. Few have a partiality for taxes; but this is a national grievance, and if judiciously arranged, does not press upon the individual. Sermons on Sunday are proper and pleasant, if not over long. I only know one

man who loves a losing card. Poetry also is endurable, particularly if it be a Tragedy, and make us laugh. A rabid poetaster, foaming over a critique, none can tolerate. Yet bills and slander, duels, duns and dungeons, and bores and green-eyed dames, disorganized families, old maids and cold maids, and grinding taxes, sermons and tragedies, and bards and cards, all can be borne, if we may only forget their noise and nonsense in the red glories of thy oblivious stream! By stream, I mean the stream of Claret. From the length of the sentence, it might be misunderstood; and if any one, in our chill winter clime, at any time find this liquor lie cold within its accustomed receptacle, why, after every third glass, let him warm it with one of Cognac.

"Chill winter clime" is, after all, a vulgar error, and merely brought in to round the period. Our atmosphere, like our taste, has of late much improved; and it is probable, that when our present monarch has concluded his architectural labours by perfectly banishing brick from all outward appearance, our cli-

mate proportionately improving, an Italian sky may illumine our palaces of stucco. By which phrase I do not mean to sneer at modern London. Some wiseheads laugh at our plaster, and talk of our unhappy deficiency in marble. I wish to know which of the boasted cities of the European continent is built of this vaunted marble? As for myself, the only difference that I ever observed between our own new streets and the elevations of foreign cities, is, that our stucco being of a much superior quality, and kept in a much superior condition, produces a general effect which their cracked and peeling walls never can. But we are the victims of smoke, and the Italians have a magnificent climate! True! they have a sky like Belshazzar's purple robe, and a sea blue enough to make a modern poet a bedlamite. They have a land covered with myrtle, and glittering with aloes, and radiant with orange, and lemon, and citron trees. They have all these, and a thousand other glories besides. The Italians live in a garden of Eden; but it is a Paradise which they will never forfeit by plucking the golden

fruit. All their religion consists in confession, and all their food in macaroni. What can you expect from such a people? A length of time elapses before the action of the air affects their stucco; but when it is affected, it is never renovated. The boasted Palladian palaces are all of stucco, and look like the lonely and dilapidated halls of Irish Lords.

The result of midnight promenades, whether philosophical or poetical, analytical or amatory, is usually the same—a cold; and as Vivian Grey sat shivering in his chair on the evening of his arrival at Reisenburg, he sent Mr. Beckendorff and his theory, his politics, his philosophy, and his summer-house, to the devil, with a most hearty imprecation. It is astonishing how a little indisposition unfits us for meditation. Man with a head-ach, a cold, or a slight spasm, is not exactly in the humour to pile Ossa upon Pelion, and scale the skies. The perfectibility of the species seems never at a more woful discount than on a morning after a debauch; and ourselves never less like reasoning animals than when suffering under indigestion. Nothing is more ludicrous than a

philosopher with the tooth-ache,—except perhaps a poet with the gout.

Essper George, who, in a much more serious illness, had already proved himself to Vivian the most skilful of nurses, was now of infinite use. Though having the greatest contempt for the power and professors of medicine when in perfect health, Vivian, now that he was indisposed was quite ready to accept the proffered assistance of the first quack who presented himself. The landlord of the hotel had a relation who, since the war, had given up his profession of farrier, and commenced that of physician. This disciple of Esculapius was speedily introduced to our hero, as the first physician at Reisenburg; and judging by his appearance that his patient was a man of blood, he proceeded to prescribe for him the remedies usually applied to a first rate courser. This indeed was the grand and sole principle of Dr. von Hoofstettein's Pharmacopeia. Considering his present patients as horses, he arranged them in classes according to their station in society. A substantial burgher, went for a stout cavalry

charger; a peasant, for a sutler's hack; a lawyer or ignoble official, was treated as attentively as the steed of an aid-de-camp; and the precedent for a recipe for a prime Minister, might be found in that of his former General's crack charger. Prime Ministers, however, were persons whom von Hoofstettein seldom had the pleasure of killing; for he was not the Court-physician. Seeing that Vivian had a cold and slight fever, he ordered him a very recherché mash, and wished him good morning. Essper George saved our hero from a dose strong enough to have reduced a cart-horse to a lady's jennet; and by quickly extricating his master from the fatal grasp of this Galen of fetlocks, whose real origin he suspected, from the odd manner in which he felt a pulse, his action strangely resembling a delicate examination of a hoof—Essper, perhaps, prevented the history of Vivian Grey from closing with the present chapter.

On the second day after his arrival at Reisenburg, Vivian received the following letter

from the Prince of Little Lilliput.—His luggage did not accompany the epistle.

"Mr. von Grey.

"My dear Friend,

"By the time you have received this, I shall have returned to Turriparva. My visit to a certain gentleman was prolonged for one day. I never can convey to you by words the sense I entertain of the value of your friendship, and of your services; I trust that time will afford me opportunities of testifying it by my actions. I return home by the same road by which we came; you remember how excellent the road was, as indeed are all the roads in Reisenburg; that must be confessed by all. I fear that the most partial admirers of the old regime cannot say as much for the convenience of travelling in the time of our fathers. Good roads are most excellent things, and one of the first marks of civilization and prosperity. The Emperor Napoleon, who, it must be confessed, was after all no common mind, was celebrated for his roads.

You have doubtless admired the Route Napoleon on the Rhine, and if you travel into Italy, I am informed that you will be equally, and even more struck by the passage over the Simplon, and the other Italian roads. Reisenburg has certainly kept pace with the spirit of the time: nobody can deny that; and I confess to you that the more I consider the subject, it appears to me that the happiness, prosperity, and content of a State, are the best evidences of the wisdom and beneficent rule of a government. Many things are very excellent in theory, which are quite the reverse in practice, and even ludicrous.—And while we should do our most to promote the cause and uphold the interests of rational liberty, still, at the same time, we should ever be on our guard against the crude ideas and revolutionary systems of those, who are quite inexperienced in that sort of particular knowledge which is necessary for all statesmen. Nothing is so easy as to make things look fine on paper,—we should never forget that: there is a great difference between high sounding generalities, and laborious details.

Is it reasonable to expect that men who have passed their lives dreaming in Colleges and old musty Studies, should be at all calculated to take the head of affairs, or know what measures those at the head of affairs ought to adopt?—I think not. A certain personage, who by the bye, is one of the most clear-headed, and most perfect men of business that I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with; a real practical man, in short; he tells me that Professor Skyrocket, whom you will most likely see at Reisenburg, wrote an article in the Military Quarterly Review which is published there, on the probable expenses of a war between Austria and Prussia, and forgot the commissariat altogether. Did you ever know any thing so ridiculous? What business have such fellows to meddle with affairs of state? They should certainly be put down: that I think none can deny. A liberal spirit in government is certainly a most excellent thing; but we must always remember that liberty may degenerate into licentiousness. Liberty is certainly an excellent thing,—that all admit; but, as a cer-

tain person very well observed, so is physic, and yet it is not to be given at all times, but only when the frame is in a state to require it. People may be as unprepared for a wise and discreet use of liberty, as a vulgar person may be for the management of a great estate, unexpectedly inherited: there is a great deal in this, and in my opinion there are cases in which to force liberty down a people's throat, is presenting them, not with a blessing, but a curse. I shall send your luggage on immediately; it is very probable that I may be in town at the end of the week, for a short time. I wish much to see, and to consult you, and therefore hope that you will not leave Reisenburg before you see

Your faithful and obliged friend,

LITTLE LILLIPUT."

Two days after the receipt of this letter, Essper George ran into the room with greater animation than he was usually accustomed to exhibit in the chamber of an invalid; and with a much less solemn physiognomy than he had

thought proper to assume since his master's arrival at Reisenburg.

"Lord, Sir! whom do you think I have just met?"

"Whom?" asked Vivian with eagerness, for, as is always the case when such questions are asked us, he was thinking of every person in the world except the right one. It might be——

"To think that I should see him!" continued Essper.

"It is a man then," thought Vivian;—"who is it at once, Essper?"

"I thought your Highness would not guess; it will quite cure you to hear it—Master Rodolph!"

"Master Rodolph!"

"Ay! and there's great news in the wind."

"Which of course you have confidentially extracted from him. Pray let us have it."

"The Prince of Little Lilliput is coming to Reisenburg," said Essper.

"Well! I had some idea of that before," said Vivian.

"Oh! then your Highness knows it all, I suppose," said Essper, with a look of great disappointment.

"I know nothing more than I have mentioned," said his master.

"What! does not your Highness know that the Prince has come over; that he is going to live at Court; and be, heaven knows what! that he is to carry a staff every day before the Grand Duke at dinner, stuffed out with padding, and covered with orders; does not your Highness know that?"

"I know nothing of all this; and so tell me in plain German what the case is."

"Well, then," continued Essper; "I suppose you do not know that his Highness the Prince is to be his Excellency the Grand Marshal—that unfortunate, but principal Officer of state, having received his dismissal yesterday: they are coming up immediately. Not a moment is to be lost, which seems to me very odd. Master Rodolph is arranging every thing; and he has this morning purchased from his master's predecessor, his palace, furniture, wines,

and pictures; in short, his whole establishment: the late Grand Marshal consoling himself for his loss of office, and revenging himself on his successor, by selling him his property at a hundred per cent. profit. However, Master Rodolph seems quite contented with his bargain; and your luggage is come, Sir. His Highness, the Prince, will be in town at the end of the week; and all the men are to be put in new livery. Mr. Arnelm is to be his Highness' chamberlain; and Von Neuwied master of the horse. So you see, Sir, you were right; and that old puss in boots was no traitor, after all. Upon my soul, I did not much believe your Highness, until I heard all this good news."

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL TANJORE

CHAPTER II.

About a week after his arrival at Reisenberg, as Vivian was at breakfast, the door opened, and Mr. Sievers entered.

"I did not think that our next meeting would be in this city," said Mr. Sievers, smiling.

"His Highness, of course, informed me of your arrival," said Vivian, as he greeted him very cordially.

"You, I understand, are the diplomatist whom I am to thank for finding myself again at Reisenburg. Let me, at the same time, express my gratitude for your kind offices to me, and congratulate you on the brilliancy of your talents for negotiation. Little did I think when I was giving you, the other day, an account of

Mr. Beckendorff, that the information would have been of such service to you."

"I am afraid you have nothing to thank me for; though certainly, had the office of arranging the terms between the parties devolved on me, my first thoughts would have been for a gentleman for whom I have so much regard and respect as Mr. Sievers."

"Sir! I feel honoured: you already speak like a finished courtier. Pray, what is to be your office?"

"I fear Mr. Beckendorff will not resign in my favour; and my ambition is so exalted, that I cannot condescend to take any thing under the Premiership."

"You are not to be tempted by a Grand Marshalship!" said Mr. Sievers, with a very peculiar look. "You hardly expected, when you were at Turriparva, to witness such a rapid termination of the patriotism of our good friend. I think you said you have seen him since your arrival: the interview must have been piquant!"

"Not at all. I immediately congratulated

him on the judicious arrangements which had been concluded; and, to relieve his awkwardness, took some credit to myself for having partially assisted in bringing about the result. The subject was not again mentioned, and I dare say never will be."

"It is a curious business," said Sievers. "The Prince is a man who, rather than have given me up to the Grand Duke—me, with whom he was not in the slightest degree connected, and who, of my own accord, sought his hospitality—sooner, I repeat, than have delivered me up, he would have had his castle razed to the ground, and fifty swords through his heart; and yet, without the slightest compunction, has this same man deserted, with the greatest coolness, the party of which, ten days ago, he was the zealous leader. How can you account for this, except it be, as I have long suspected, that in politics there positively is no feeling of honour? Every one is conscious that not only himself, but his colleagues and his rivals, are working for their own private purpose; and that however a party may apparently

be assisting in bringing about a result of common benefit, that nevertheless, and in fact, each is conscious that he is the tool of another. With such an understanding, treason is an expected affair; and the only point to consider is, who shall be so unfortunate as to be the deserted, instead of the deserter. It is only fair to his Highness to state, that Beckendorff gave him incontestable evidence that he had had a private interview with every one of the mediatised Princes. They were the dupes of the wily Minister. In these negotiations he became acquainted with their plans and characters, and could estimate the probability of their success. The golden bribe, which was in turn dandled before the eyes of all, had been always reserved for the most powerful—our friend. His secession, and the consequent desertion of his relatives, destroy the party for ever; while, at the same time, that party have not even the consolation of a good conscience to uphold them in their adversity; but feel that in case of their clamour, or of any attempt to stir up the people by their hollow patriotism, it is in the

power of the Minister to expose and crush them for ever."

"All this," said Vivian, "makes me the more rejoice that our friend has got out of their clutches; he will make an excellent Grand Marshal; and you must not forget, my dear Sir, that he did not forget you. To tell you the truth, although I did not flatter myself that I should benefit during my stay at Reisenburg by his influence, I am not the least surprised at the termination of our visit to Mr. Beckendorff. I have seen too many of these affairs, not to have been quite aware, the whole time, that it would require very little trouble, and very few sacrifices on the part of Mr. Beckendorff, to quash the whole cabal. By the bye, our visit to him was highly amusing; he is a most singular man."

"He has had nevertheless," said Sievers, "a very difficult part to play. Had it not been for you, the Prince would have perhaps imagined that he was only being trifled with again, and terminated the interview abruptly and in disgust. Having brought the Grand Duke to

terms, and having arranged the interview, Beckendorff of course imagined that all was finished. The very day that you arrived at his house, he had received dispatches from his Royal Highness, recalling his promise, and revoking Beckendorff's authority to use his unlimited discretion in this business. The difficulty then was to avoid discussion with the Prince, with whom he was not prepared to negotiate; and at the same time, without letting his Highness out of his sight, to induce the Grand Duke to resume his old view of the case. The first night that you were there, Beckendorff rode up to Reisenburg—saw the Grand Duke—was refused, through the intrigues of Madame Carolina, the requested authority—and resigned his power. When he was a mile on his return, he was summoned back to the palace; and his Royal Highness asked, as a favour from his tutor, four-and-twenty hours' consideration. This, Beckendorff granted, on the condition that, in case the Grand Duke assented to the terms proposed, his Royal Highness should himself be the bearer of the proposition; and that there should be no more

written promises to recall, and no more written authorities to revoke. The terms were hard, but Beckendorff was inflexible. On the second night of your visit, a messenger arrived with a dispatch, advising Beckendorff of the intended arrival of his Royal Highness on the next morning. The ludicrous intrusion of your amusing servant prevented you from being present at the great interview, in which I understand Beckendorff for the moment laid aside all his caprices. Our friend acted with great firmness and energy. He would not be satisfied even with the personal pledge and written promise of the Grand Duke, but demanded that he should receive the seals of office within a week; so that, had the Court not been sincere, his situation with his former party would not have been injured. It is astonishing how very acute even a dull man is, when his own interests are at stake! Had his Highness been the agent of another person, he would most probably have committed a thousand blunders,—have made the most disadvantageous terms, or perhaps have

been thoroughly duped. Self-interest is the finest eye-water."

"And what says Madame Carolina to all this?"

"Oh! according to custom, she has changed already, and thinks the whole business most admirably arranged. His Highness is her grand favourite, and my little pupil Max, her pet. I think, however, on the whole, the boy is fondest of the Grand Duke; whom, if you remember, he was always informing you in confidence, that he intended to assassinate. And as for your obedient servant," said Sievers bowing, "here am I once more the Aristarchus of her coterie. Her friends, by the bye, view the accession of the Prince with no pleased eyes; and, anticipating that his juncture with the Minister is only a prelude to their final dispersion, they are compensating for the approaching termination of their career, by unusual violence and fresh fervor—stinging like mosquitos before a storm, conscious of their impending destruction from the clearance of the atmosphere. As for myself, I have nothing more to do with them. Liberty and philoso-

phy are very fine words; but until I find men are prepared to cultivate them both in a wiser spirit, I shall remain quiet. I have no idea of being banished and imprisoned, because a parcel of knaves are making a vile use of the truths which I disseminate. In my opinion, philosophers have said enough; now let men act. But all this time I have forgotten to ask you how you like Reisenburg."

"I can hardly say; with the exception of yesterday, when I rode Max round the ramparts, I have not been once out of the hotel. But to-day I feel so well, that if you are disposed for a lounge, I should like it above all things."

"I am quite at your service; but I must not forget that I am the bearer of a message to you from his Excellency the Grand Marshal. He wishes you to join the Court-dinner to-day, and be presented—"

"Really, my dear Sir, an invalid—"

"Well! if you do not like it, you must make your excuses to him; but it really is the pleasantest way of commencing your acquaintance at

Court, and only allowed to distingués; among which, as you are the friend of the new Grand Marshal, you are of course considered. No one is petted so much as a political apostate, except, perhaps, a religious one; so at present we are all in high feather. You had bette dine at the palace to-day. Every thing quite easy; and, by an agreeable relaxation of state, neither swords, bags, nor trains, are necessary. Have you seen the palace? I suppose not; we will look at it, and then call on the Prince."

The gentlemen accordingly left the hotel; and proceeding down the principal street of the New Town, they came into a very large Square, or Place d'Armes. A couple of regiments of infantry were exercising in it.

"A specimen of our standing army," said Sievers. "In the war time, this little State brought thirty thousand highly disciplined and well appointed troops into the field. This efficient contingent was, at the same time, the origin of our national prosperity, and our national debt. For we have a national debt, Sir! I assure you we are very proud of it, and con-

sider it the most decided sign of being a great people. Our force in times of peace is, of course, very much reduced. We have, however, still eight thousand men, who are perfectly unnecessary. The most curious thing is, that, to keep up the patronage of the Court, and please the nobility, though we have cut down our army two-thirds, we have never reduced the number of our Generals: and so, at this moment, among our eight thousand men, we count about forty General officers, being one to every two hundred privates. We have, however, which perhaps you would not suspect, one military genius among our multitude of heroes. The Count von Sohnspeer is worthy of being one of Napoleon's marshals. Who he is, no one exactly knows: some say an illegitimate son of Beckendorff. Certain it is, that he owes his nobility to his sword; and as certain is it that he is to be counted among the very few who share the Minister's confidence. Von Sohnspeer has certainly performed a thousand brilliant exploits; yet, in my opinion, the not least splendid day of his life, was that of the battle of

Leipsic. He was on the side of the French, and fought against the Allies with desperate fury. When he saw that all was over, and the Allies triumphant, calling out 'Germany for ever!' he dashed against his former friends, and captured from the flying Gauls a hundred pieces of cannon. He hastened to the tent of the Emperors with his blood-red sword in his hand, and at the same time congratulated them on the triumph of their cause, and presented them with his hard-earned trophies. The manœuvre was perfectly successful; and the troops of Reisenburg, complimented as true Germans, were pitied for their former unhappy fate in being forced to fight against their father-land, and were immediately enrolled in the allied army: as such, they received a due share of all the plunder. He is a grand genius, young Master von Sohnspeer?"

"Oh, decidedly! Quite worthy of being a companion of the fighting Bastards of the middle ages. This is a fine Square!"

"Very grand indeed! Precedents for some of the architectural combinations could hardly

be found at Athens or Rome; nevertheless the general effect is magnificent. Do you admire this plan of making every elevation of an order consonant with the purpose of the building? See! for instance, on the opposite side of the Square is the palace. The Corinthian order, which is evident in all its details, suits well the character of the structure. It accords with royal pomp and elegance—with fêtes and banquets, and interior magnificence. On the other hand, what a happy contrast is afforded to this gorgeous structure, by the severe simplicity of this Tuscan Palace of Justice. The School of Arts, in the farthest corner of the square, is properly entered through an Ionic portico. Let us go into the palace. Here, not only does our monarch reside, but, an arrangement which I much admire, here are deposited, in a gallery worthy of the treasures it contains, our very superb collection of pictures. They are the private property of his Royal Highness; but, as is usually the case under despotic Princes, the people, equally his property, are flattered by the collection being styled the 'Public Gal-

lery.' We have hardly time for the pictures to-day; let us enter this hall, the contents of which, if not as valuable, are to me more interesting—the Hall of SCULPTURE.

"Germany, as you must be aware, boasts no chefs d'œuvre of ancient sculpture. In this respect, it is not in a much more deplorable situation than, I believe, England is itself; but our Grand Duke, with excellent taste, instead of filling a room with uninteresting busts of ancient emperors, or any second-rate specimens of antique art, which are sometimes to be purchased, has formed a collection of casts from all the celebrated works of antiquity. These casts are of great value, and greater rarity.

"There," said Mr. Sievers, pointing to the Venus de Medicis, "there is a Goddess, whose divinity is acknowledged in all creeds. It is commonly said, that no cast of this statue conveys to you the slightest idea of the miraculous original. This I deny: the truth is, that the plaster figures which every where abound under the title of the Venus de Medicis, are copies five hundred times repeated, and of course all

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resemblance is lost. It would be lost in a great measure, were the original a dancing Faun or a fighting Gladiator. The incalculable increase of difficulty in transferring the delicate traits of female beauty, need not be expatiated on. Of this statue the whole of the right arm, a portion of the left, and some other less important parts, are restorations. But who cares for this? Who, in gazing on the Venus, dwells on any thing but the body? Here is the magic! Here is to be discovered the reason of the universal fame of this work of art! We do not consider the Venus de Medicis as the personification of a sculptor's dream. Her beauty is not ideal."

Mr. Sievers did not stop here in his criticism on the Venus de Medicis, but fully demonstrated, which has never yet been done, the secret cause of the fame of this statue. His language, though highly philosophical, might, however, be misinterpreted in this precise age; and as this work is chiefly written for the entertainment of families, I have been induced to cut out the most instructive passage in the book.

"And this, of course, is a very fine cast?" asked Vivian.

"Admirable! It was presented by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to his Royal Highness, and is, of course, from the original. See now! the Belvidere Apollo; an inferior production, I think, to the Venus—perhaps a copy. Yet in that dilated nostril, that indignant lip, and that revengeful brow, we recognize the indomitable Pythius; or, rather, perhaps the persecutor of the miserable Niobe. The Director of the Gallery has made, with great discrimination, the unhappy rival of Latona the object to which the God of the silver bow points his avenging arm. The Niobe is a splendid production. Some complain of her apparent indifference to the fate of her offspring. But is not this in character? To me the figure appears faultless. Even as I now gaze on her, the mother and the marble are still struggling; and, rooted to the ground by her overwhelming affliction, she seems weeping herself into a statue. I have often thought that some hidden meaning lurked

under the dark legend of Niobe. Probably she and her family were the first victims of priest-craft. Come, my dear fellow, as Protestants, let us, though late, pay our tribute of respect to the first heretic." Here Mr. Sievers bowed with great solemnity before the statue.

"I will now show you," resumed Mr. Sievers, "four works of art, which, if not altogether as exquisite as those we have examined, nevertheless, for various reasons, deserve our attention. And let us stop before this dying man. This statue is generally known by the title of the Dying Gladiator. According to Winkelman, he is a dying Herald: either Polifontes, herald of Laius, killed by Œdipus; or Cepreas, herald of Euritheus, killed by the Athenians; or Anthemocritus, herald of the Athenians, killed by the Megarenses; or, in short, any other herald who ever happened to be killed. According to another antiquary, he is a Spartan shield-bearer; and according to a third, a barbarian. What an imagination it requires to be a great antiquary!" said Mr. Sievers, shrugging his shoulders.

"I think this statue is also supposed to be a copy," said Vivian.

"It is; and the right arm is altogether by Michel Angelo, the ablest restorer that ever existed. He was deeply imbued with the spirit of antiquity, though himself incapable of finishing a single work. Had he devoted himself to restoration, it would have been better for Posterity.

"This," continued Mr. Sievers, pointing to a kneeling figure, "is a most celebrated work; and one of which you have doubtless heard. It generally is known by the name of the Knife-grinder; though able judges have not yet decided whether it be a representation of that humble artisan, or of the flayer of Marsyas, or the barber of Julius Cæsar. I never can sufficiently admire these classical antiquaries! They are determined to be right: see, for instance, that heroic figure! The original is in the Louvre, and described in the catalogue of the French Savans as a statue of 'Jason, otherwise Cincinnatus.' What a pity that it did not occur to Plutarch to write a parallel

between two characters in which there is, in every respect, such a striking similarity!"

"What are these horses?" said Vivian. "They surely are not the Elgin?"

"Oh no!" said Mr. Sievers; "as an Englishman, you should know better. There are casts of the Elgin marbles, presented to his Royal Highness by the King of England. The exquisite tact, and wise liberality with which your accomplished monarch has disseminated sets of these casts among the principal galleries of Europe, has made the Continent at length believe, that it is no longer high treason in your country to admire a picture or a statue. The horses which you have remarked are, I assure you, very celebrated beasts; although, for my part, I confess that their beauty is not to me very evident. Either the ancients had no conception how to mould a horse, or their breeds were poor. These are casts from the famous brazen steeds of Venice, in the front of the church of St. Mark. They were given by the Emperor of Austria. That the original are antique there is no doubt: I will not trou-

ble you with my opinion as to their nation. Learn, however, from far deeper scholars than myself, that they are either Roman or Grecian—either Roman of the reign of Nero, or Grecian of the isle of Chios, or of the work of Lysippus. All these opinions are developed and supported by ponderous dissertations in quarto; and scarcely a year escapes without these brazen beasts giving rise to some controversy or other.—Oh! these antiquaries! Count Cicognara, the President of the Venetian Academy, has lately summed up the merits of the long-agitated question, and given it as his opinion, that to come to a final and satisfactory result, we must search and compare all the horses, of all the cabinets, of all Europe. What sublime advice about nothing! Oh! I am tired of these fellows. In my opinion, this little Cupid of Dannecker is worth all St. Mark's together. It is worthy of being placed by the Venus When you were at Frankfort, you saw his Ariadne?"

"Yes! at Bethmann's, and a delightful work it is. Ease and grace are produced by

an original but most involved attitude, and that is the triumph of Art."

The hour of the Court-dinner at Reisenburg was two o'clock; about which time, in England, a St. James's man first remembers the fatal necessity of shaving; though, by the bye, this allusion is not a very happy one, for in this country shaving is a ceremony at present somewhat obsolete. Were the celebrated Packwood now living, he would have as much chance of making a fortune by the sale of his instruments, in this refined city, as at a settlement of blue baboons. At two o'clock, however, our hero, accompanying the Grand Marshal and Mr. Sievers, reached the palace. In the saloon were assembled various guests, chiefly attached to the Court. Immediately after the arrival of our party, the Grand Duke and Madame Carolina, followed by their Chamberlains and Ladies in waiting, entered. The little Prince Maximilian strutted in between his Royal Highness and his fair Consort, having hold of a hand of each. The urchin was very much changed in appearance since Vivian first saw him; he was dressed in

the complete uniform of a captain of the Royal Guards, having been presented with a commission on the day of his arrival at Court. A brilliant star glittered on his scarlet coat, and paled the splendour of his golden epaulettes. The duties, however, of the princely captain were at present confined to the pleasing exertion of carrying the bon-bon box of Madame Carolina, the contents of which were chiefly reserved for his own gratification. In the Grand Duke, Vivian was not surprised to recognize the horseman whom he had met in the private road on the morning of his departure from Mr. Beckendorff's; his conversation with Sievers had prepared him for this. Madame Carolina was in appearance Parisian of the highest order. I am not in a humour for a laboured description, at which very probably few will grieve. The phrase I have used will enable the judicious reader to conceive all that is necessary. 'Parisian of the highest order,'—that is to say, an exquisite figure and an indescribable tournure, an invisible foot, a countenance full of esprit and intelligence, without a single regular feature,

and large and very bright black eyes. Madame's hair was of the same colour, and arranged in the most effective manner. Her Cachemere would have graced the Feast of Roses, and so engrossed your attention, that it was long before you observed the rest of her costume, in which, however, traces of a creative genius were immediately visible: in short, Madame Carolina was not fashionable, but Fashion herself. In a subsequent chapter, at a ball which I have in preparation, I will make up for this brief notice of her costume, by publishing her Court-dress. For the sake of my fair readers, however, I will not pass over the ornament in her hair. The comb which supported her elaborate curls was invisible, except at each end, whence it threw out a large Psyche's wing of the finest golden web, the eyes of which were formed of precious garnets encircled with turquoises. Let Mr. Hamlet immediately introduce this ornament, and make his fortune by the "Carolina comb."

The royal party made a progress round the circle, to which the late lamented Mr. Nichols

could have done more justice than myself. Madame Carolina first presented her delicate and faintly-rouged cheek to the hump-backed Crown-Prince, who did not raise his eyes from the ground as he performed the accustomed courtesy. One or two royal relatives, who were on a visit at the palace, were honoured by the same compliment. The Grand Duke bowed in the most gracious and graceful manner to every individual; and his lady accompanied the bow by a speech, which was, at the same time personal and piquant. The first great duty of a monarch is to know how to bow skilfully! nothing is more difficult, and nothing more important. A royal bow may often quell a rebellion, and sometimes crush a conspiracy. It should, at the same time, be both general and individual; equally addressed to the company assembled, and to every single person in the assembly. Our own king bows to perfection. His bow is eloquent, and will always render an oration on his part perfectly unnecessary; which is a great point, for harangues are not regal. Nothing is more undignified than to make a

speech. It is from the first an acknowledgment that you are under the necessity of explaining, or conciliating, or convincing, or confuting; in short, that you are not omnipotent, but opposed. Every charlatan is an orator, and almost every orator a charlatan. But I never knew a quack, or an adventurer, who could bow well. It requires a dignity which can only result from a consciousness of high breeding, or a high moral character. The last cause, of course, will never inspire the charlatan; and as for the first, I never met a scoundrel, however exalted his situation, who in his manners was a perfect high-bred gentleman. He is either ridiculously stiff, pompous, and arrogant, or his base countenance is ever gilt by an insidious, cunning, conciliatory smile; which either is intended to take you in, or, if habitual, seems to imply, "What a confounded clever fellow I am; how I understand human nature; how skilfully I adapt myself to the humours of mankind; how I sneak with a smile into their bosoms!" Miserable knaves! these fellows are invariably overbearing and tyrannical to their inferiors.

They pass their mornings in cringing to a minister, and then go home and bully their butler.

The bow of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg was a first-rate bow, and always produced a great sensation with the people, particularly if it were followed up by a proclamation for a public fête, or fire-works; then his Royal Highness's popularity was at its height. But Madame Carolina, after having by a few magic sentences persuaded the whole room that she took a peculiar interest in the happiness of every individual present, has reached Vivian, who stood next to his friend the Grand Marshal. He was presented by that great Officer, and received most graciously. For a moment the room thought that his Royal Highness was about to speak; but he only smiled. Madame Carolina, however, said a great deal; and stood not less than five minutes, complimenting the English nation, and particularly the specimen of that celebrated people who now had the honour of being presented to her. No one spoke more in a given time than Madame Carolina;

and as, while the eloquent words fell from her deep red lips, her bright eyes were invariably fixed on those of the person she addressed, what she did say, as invariably, was very effective. Vivian had only time to give a nod of recognition to his friend Max, for the company, arm-in-arm, now formed into a procession to the dining-saloon. Vivian was parted from the Grand Marshal, who, as the highest Officer of state present, followed immediately after the Grand Duke. Our hero's companion was Mr. Sievers. Although it was not a state dinner, the party, from being swelled by the suites of the Royal visitors, was numerous; and as the Court occupied the centre of the table, Vivian was too distant to listen to the conversation of Madame, who, however, he well perceived, from the animation of her countenance and the elegant energy of her action, was delighted and delighting. The Grand Duke spoke little; but listened, like a lover of three days, to the accents of his accomplished Consort. The arrangement of a German dinner promotes conversation. The numerous dishes

are at once placed upon the table; and when the curious eye has well examined their contents, the whole dinner, untouched, disappears. Although this circumstance is rather alarming to a novice, his terror soon gives place to self-congratulation, when he finds the banquet reappear, each dish completely carved and cut up. A bottle of wine being placed to each guest, your only business is, at the same time, to refresh both your body and your mind, by gratifying your palate and conversing with your neighbour. Would that this plan were adopted in our own country!

And now, having placed them down at dinner, I will, for once in my life, allow the meal to pass over without reporting the conversation; for I have a party in the evening which must not be slurred over; and if my characters may not sometimes be dumb, I fear the plot, which all this time is gradually developing, will stand a chance of being neglected. Therefore imagine the dinner over.

"Not being Sunday," said Mr. Sievers, "there is no opera to-night. We are to meet

again, I believe, at the palace, in a few hours, at Madame Carolina's soirée. In the mean time, you had better accompany his Excellency to the public gardens; that is the fashionable drive. I shall go home and smoke a pipe."

Let us pass over the drive without a description—why should it be described? The circle of the Public Gardens of Reisenburg exhibited exactly, although upon a smaller scale, the same fashions and the same frivolities, the same characters and the same affectations, as the Hyde Park of London, or the Champs Elysées of Paris, the Prater of Vienna, the Corso of Rome or Milan, or the Cascine of Florence. There was the female leader of ton, hated by her own sex, and adored by the other, and ruling both—ruling both by the same principle of action, and by the influence of the same quality which creates the Arbitress of Fashion in all countries—by courage to break through the conventional customs of an artificial class, and by talents to ridicule all those who dare follow her innovating example—attracting universal notice by her own singularity, and at

the same time conciliating the support of those from whom she dares to differ, by employing her influence in preventing others from violating their laws. The Arbitress of Fashion is one who is allowed to be singular, in order that she may suppress singularity; she is exempted from all laws; but, by receiving the dictatorship, she ensures the despotism. Then there was that mysterious being whose influence is perhaps even more surprising than the dominion of the female despot of manners, for she wields a power which can be analysed and comprehended,—I mean the male authority in coats, cravats, and chargers; who, without fortune and without rank, and sometimes merely through the bold obtrusion of a fantastic taste, becomes the glass of fashion, in which even Royal Dukes and the most aristocratic nobles hasten to adjust themselves; and the mould by which the ingenious youth of a whole nation is enthusiastically formed. There is a Brummell in every country.

Vivian, who, after a round or two with the Grand Marshal, had mounted Max, was presented by the young Count von Bernstorff, the

son of the Grand Chamberlain, to whose care he had been specially commended by the Prince, to the lovely Countess Von S——. The examination of this high authority was rigid, and her report satisfactory. When Vivian quitted the side of her britchka, half a dozen dandies immediately rode up to learn the result; and, on being informed, they simultaneously cantered on to young Von Bernstorff, and requested to have the honour of being introduced to his highly interesting friend. All these exquisites wore white hats lined with crimson, in consequence of the head of the all-influential Emilius von Aslingen having, on the preceding day, been kept sacred from the profaning air, by that most tasteful covering. The young lords were loud in their commendations of this latest evidence of Von Aslingen's happy genius, and rallied, with a most unmerciful spirit, the unfortunate Von Bernstorff for not having yet mounted the all-perfect chapeau. Like all Von Aslingen's introductions, it was as remarkable for good taste as for striking singularity: they had no doubt it would have a great run; ex-

actly the style of thing for a hot autumn, and it suited so admirably with the claret-coloured riding coat, which Madame considered Von Aslingen's chef-d'œuvre. Inimitable Von Aslingen! As they were in these raptures, to Vivian's great delight, and to their great dismay, the object of their admiration appeared. Our hero was of course, anxious to see so interesting a character; but he could scarcely believe that he, in fact, beheld the ingenious introducer of white and crimson hats, and the still happier inventor of those chef-d'œuvres, claret-coloured riding coats, when his attention was directed to a horseman who wore a peculiarly high, heavy black hat, and a frogged and furred frock, buttoned up, although it was a most sultry day, to his very nose. How singular is the slavery of fashion! Notwithstanding their mortification, the unexpected costume of Von Aslingen appeared only to increase the young lords' admiration of his character and accomplishments; and instead of feeling that he was an insolent pretender, whose fame originated in his insulting their tastes, and existed only by

their sufferance, all cantered away with the determination of wearing on the next day, even if it were to cost them each a calenture, furs enough to keep a man warm during a winter party at St. Petersburg,—not that winter parties ever take place there; on the contrary, before the winter sets in, the Court moves on to Moscow; which, from its situation and its climate, will always, in fact, continue the real capital of Russia.

The royal carriage, drawn by six horses, and backed by three men servants, who would not have disgraced the fairy equipage of Cindarella, has now left the gardens.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME CAROLINA held her soirée in her own private apartments; the Grand Duke himself appearing in the capacity of a visitor. The company was very numerous, and very brilliant. His Royal Highness, surrounded by a select circle, dignified one corner of the saloon: Madame Carolina at the other end of the room, in the midst of poets, philosophers, and politicians, in turn decided upon the most interesting and important topics of poetry, philosophy, and politics. Boston, and Zwicken, and Whist interested some; and Puzzles, and other ingenious games, others. A few were above conversing, or gambling, or guessing; superior intelligences who would neither be interested, nor amused;—

among these, Emilius von Aslingen was most prominent; he leant against a door, in full uniform, with his vacant eyes fixed on no object. The others were only awkward copies of an easy original; and among these, stiff or stretching, lounging on a chaise-longue, or posted against the wall, Vivian's quick eye recognized more than one of the unhappy votaries of white hats lined with crimson.

When Vivian made his bow to the Grand Duke, he was surprised by his Royal Highness coming forward a few steps from the surrounding circle, and extending to him his hand. His Royal Highness continued conversing with him for upwards of a quarter of an hour; expressed the great pleasure he felt at seeing at his Court a gentleman of whose abilities he had the highest opinion; and after a variety of agreeable compliments—compliments are doubly agreeable from crowned heads—the Grand Duke retired to a game of Boston with his royal visitors. Vivian's reception made a great sensation through the room. Various rumours were immediately afloat.

"Who can he be?"

"Don't you know?—Oh! most curious story—killed a boar as big as a bonassus, which was ravaging half Reisenburg, and saved the lives of his Excellency the Grand Marshal and his whole suite."

"What is that about the Grand Marshal, and a boar as big as a bonassus? Quite wrong—natural son of Beckendorff—know it for a fact—don't you see he is being introduced to von Sohnspeer!—brothers, you know—managed the whole business about the leagued Princes—not a son of Beckendorff, only a particular friend—the son of the late General ——, I forget his name exactly—killed at Leipsic you know—that famous General, what was his name?—that very famous General—don't you know? Never mind—well! he is his son—father particular friend of Beckendorff—College friend—brought up the orphan—very handsome of him!—they say he does handsome things sometimes."

"Ah! well—I've heard so too—and so this young man is to be the new Under Secretary!

very much approved by the Countess von S——."

"No, it can't be!—your story is quite wrong. He is an Englishman."

"An Englishman! no!"

"Yes he is. I had it from Madame—high rank incog—going to Vienna—secret mission."

"Something to do with Greece? of course—independence recognized?"

"Oh! certainly—pay a tribute to the Porte, and governed by a Hospodar. Admirable arrangement!—have to support their own government and a foreign one besides!"

It was with great pleasure that Vivian at length observed Mr. Sievers enter the room, and extricating himself from the enlightened and enthusiastic crowd who were disserting round the tribunal of Madame, he hastened to his amusing friend.

"Ah! my dear Sir, how glad I am to see you! I have, since we met last, been introduced to your fashionable ruler, and some of her most fashionable slaves. I have been honoured by a long conversation with his Royal

Highness, and have listened to some of the most eloquent of the Carolina coterie. What a Babel! there all are, at the same time, talkers and listeners. To what a pitch of perfection may the 'science' of conversation be carried! My mind teems with original ideas to which I can annex no definite meaning. What a variety of contradictory theories, which are all apparently sound! I begin to suspect that there is a great difference between reasoning and reason!"

"Your suspicion is well founded, my dear Sir," said Mr. Sievers; "and I know no circumstance which would sooner prove it, than listening for a few minutes to this little man, in a snuff-coloured coat, near me. But I will save you from so terrible a demonstration. He has been endeavouring to catch my eye these last ten minutes, and I have as studiously avoided seeing him. Let us move."

"Willingly: who may this fear-inspiring monster be?"

"A philosopher," said Mr. Sievers, "as most of us call ourselves here; that is to say, his

profession is to observe the course of Nature; and if by chance he can discover any slight deviation of the good dame from the path which our ignorance has marked out as her only track, he claps his hands, cries ευρηκά! and is dubbed 'illustrious' on the spot. Such is the world's reward for a great discovery, which generally in a twelvemonth's time is found out to be a blunder of the philosopher, and not an eccentricity of Nature. I am not underrating those great men who, by deep study, or rather by some mysterious inspiration, have produced combinations, and effected results, which have materially assisted the progress of civilization, and the security of our happiness. No, no! to them be due adoration. Would that the reverence of posterity could be some consolation to these great spirits, for neglect and persecution when they lived! I have invariably observed of great natural philosophers, that if they lived in former ages they were persecuted as magicians, and in periods which profess to be more enlightened, they have always been ridiculed as quacks. The succeeding century

the real quack arises. He adopts and developes the suppressed, and despised, and forgotten discovery of his unfortunate predecessor; and Fame trumpets this resurrection-man of science with as loud a blast of rapture, as if, instead of being merely the accidental animator of the corpse, he were the cunning artist himself, who had devised and executed the miraculous machinery which the other had only wound up."

"Let us sit down on this sofa. I think we have escaped from your brown-coated friend."

"Ay! I forgot we were speaking of him. He is, as the phrase goes, a philosopher. To think that a student of butterflies and beetles, a nice observer of the amorous passions of an ant, or the caprices of a cockchafer, should bear a title once consecrated to those lights of Nature who taught us to be wise, and free, and eloquent. Philosophy! I am sick of the word."

"And this is an entomologist, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. He is about to publish a quarto on the Villa Pliniana on the Lake of

Como. Sir Philosopher, forsooth ! has been watching for these eight months the intermittent fountain there ; but though his attention was quite unlike his subject, no 'discovery' has taken place. Pity that a freak of Nature should waste eight months of a philosopher's life ! Though annoyed by his failure, my learned gentleman is consoled by what he styles 'an approximation to a theory ;' and solves the phenomenon by a whisper of the evening winds."

"But in this country," said Vivian, "surely you have no reason to complain of the want of moral philosophers, or of the respect paid to them. The country of Kant —— of ——"

"Yes, yes ! we have plenty of metaphysicians, if you mean them. Watch that lively-looking gentleman, who is stuffing kalte schale so voraciously in the corner. The leader of the Idealists—a pupil of the celebrated Fichte ! To gain an idea of his character, know that he out-herods his master ; and Fichte is to Kant, what Kant is to the unenlightened vulgar. You can now form a slight conception of the

spiritual nature of our friend who is stuffing kalte schale. The first principle of his school is to reject all expressions which incline in the slightest degree to substantiality. *Existence* is, in his opinion, a word too absolute. *Being, principle, essence,* are terms scarcely sufficiently etherial, even to indicate the subtile shadowings of his opinions. Some say that he dreads the contact of all real things, and that he makes it the study of his life to avoid them. Matter is his great enemy. When you converse with him, you lose all consciousness of this world. My dear Sir," continued Mr. Sievers, "observe how exquisitely Nature revenges herself upon these capricious and fantastic children. Believe me, Nature is the most brilliant of wits; and that no repartees that were ever inspired by hate, or wine, or beauty, ever equalled the calm effects of her indomitable power upon those who are rejecting her authority. You understand me? Methinks that the best answer to the idealism of M. Fichte is to see his pupil devouring kalte schale!"

"And this is really one of your great lights?"

"Verily! His works are the most famous, and the most unreadable, in all Germany. Surely you have heard of his 'Treatise on Man?' A treatise on a subject in which every one is interested, written in a style which no one can understand."

"I could point you out," continued Mr. Sievers, "another species of Idealist more ridiculous even than this. Schelling has revived pantheism in Germany. According to him, on our death our identity is lost for ever, but our internal qualities become part of the great whole. I could show you also, to prove my impartiality, materialists more ridiculous than both these. But I will not weary you. You asked me, however, if, in Germany, we had not philosophers. I have pointed them out to you. My dear Sir, as I told you before, philosophy is a term which it is the fashion for every one to assume. We have a fellow at Reisenburg who always writes, 'On the Philosophy,' of something. He has just published a volume 'On the Philosophy of Pipe-heads!' We have even come to this! But considering the term

philosophy as I do myself, and as I have reason to believe you do, I am not rash when I say, that in Germany she has no real votaries. All here are imitating to excess the only part of the ancient philosophy, which is as despicable as it is useless. The ever inexplicable enigma of the Universe is what the modern Germans profess to solve; the ring which they ever strive to carry off in their intellectual tilts. In no nation sooner than in Germany, can you gain more detailed information about every other world except the present. Here, we take nothing for granted; an excellent preventive of superficialness; but as our premises can never be settled, it unfortunately happens that our river of knowledge, though very profound, is extremely narrow. While we are all anticipating immortality, we forget that we are mortal. Believe me, that the foundations of true philosophy are admissions. We must take something for granted. In morals, as well as in algebra, we must form our calculations by the assistance of unknown numbers. Whatever doubts may exist as to the causes of our being, or

the origin of our passions, no doubt can exist respecting their results. It is those results that we must regulate, and it is them that we should study. For the course of the river, which is visible to all, may be cleared or changed; but the unknown and secret fountain —what profits it to ponder on its origin, or even to discover its site, or to plumb its unfathomable and mysterious waters? When I find a man, instead of meditating on the nature of our essence, and the principle of our spirit,—on which points no two persons ever agreed—developing and directing the energies of that essence and that spirit, energies which all feel and all acknowledge; when I find a man, instead of musing over the absolute principle of the universe, forming a code of moral principles by which this single planet may be regulated and harmonized; when I find him, instead of pouring forth obscure oracles on the reunion of an inexplicable soul with an unintelligible nature, demonstrating the indissoluble connexion of private happiness and public weal, and detailing the modes by which the interests

of the indispensable classes of necessary society may at the same time be considered and confirmed, I recognize in this man the true philosopher; I distinguish him from the dreamers who arrogate that title; and if he be my countryman, I congratulate Germany on her illustrious son."

"You think, then," said Vivian, "that posterity will rank the German metaphysicians with the latter Platonists?"

"I hardly know—they are a body of men not less acute, but I doubt whether they will be as celebrated. In this age of print, notoriety is more attainable than in the age of manuscript; but lasting fame certainly is not. That tall thin man in black, that just bowed to me, is the editor of one of our great Reisenburg reviews. The journal he edits is one of the most successful periodical publications ever set afloat. Among its contributors may assuredly be classed many men of eminent talents; yet to their abilities, the surprising success and influence of this work is scarcely to be ascribed: it is the result rather of the consistent spirit

which has always inspired its masterly critiques. One principle has ever regulated its management; it is a simple rule, but an effective one—every author is reviewed by his personal enemy. You may imagine the point of the critique; but you would hardly credit, if I were to inform you, the circulation of the review. You will tell me that you are not surprised, and talk of the natural appetite of our species for malice and slander. Be not too quick. The rival of this review, both in influence and in sale, is conducted on as simple a principle, but not a similar one. In this journal every author is reviewed by his personal friend—of course, perfect panegyric. Each number is flattering as a lover's tale,—every article an eloge. What say you to this? These are the influential literary and political journals of Reisenburg. There was yet another; it was edited by an eloquent scholar; all its contributors were, at the same time, brilliant and profound. It numbered among its writers some of the most celebrated names in Germany; its critiques and articles were as impartial as they were able—as sincere

as they were sound; it never paid the expense of the first number. As philanthropists and admirers of our species, my dear Sir, these are gratifying results; they satisfactorily demonstrate, that mankind have no innate desire for scandal, calumny, and backbiting; it only proves that they have an innate desire to be gulled and deceived.

"The Editor of the first Review," continued Mr. Sievers, "is a very celebrated character here. He calls himself a philosophical historian. Professing the greatest admiration of Montesquieu, this luminous gentleman has, in his 'History of Society in all Nations and all Ages,' produced one of the most ludicrous caricatures of the 'Esprit des Loix,' that can be possibly imagined. The first principle of these philosophical historians is *to generalize*. According to them, man, in every nation and in every clime, is the same animal. His conduct is influenced by general laws, and no important change ever takes place in his condition through the agency of accidental circumstances, or individual exertion. All, necessarily, arises by an

uniform and natural process, which can neither be effectually resisted, nor prematurely accelerated. From these premises, our philosophical historian has deduced a most ingenious and agreeable delineation of the progress of society from barbarism to refinement. With this writer, recorded truth has no charms, and facts have no value. They are the consequence of his theory; and it is therefore easier for him, at once, to imagine his details, than to give himself the trouble of collecting them from dusty chronicles, or original manuscripts. With these generalizers, man is a machine. Accident, and individual character, the two most powerful springs of revolution, are not allowed to influence their theoretic calculations; and setting out, as they all do, with an avowed opinion of what man ought to be, they have no difficulty in proving what, in certain situations, he has been, and what, in singular situations, he ever must be."

"We have no want of these gentry in my own country," said Vivian; "although, of late years, this mode of writing history has become

rather unfashionable. The English are naturally great lovers of detail. They like a Gerard Dow better than a Poussin; and in literature, in spite of their philosophical historians, their old chronicles are not yet obsolete. Of late, indeed, even the common people have exhibited a taste for this species of antique literature."

"The genius, and delightful works of the Chevalier Scott (the Germans always use titles, and speaking even of their most illustrious men, never omit their due style,—as 'the Baron von Goëthe,' the 'Baron von Leibnitz,') of the Chevalier Scott," continued Mr. Sievers, "has in a great measure revived this taste. You are of course aware that he has influenced the literatures of the Continent scarcely less than that of his own country: he is the favourite author of the French, and in Germany we are fast losing our hobgoblin taste. When I first came to Reisenburg, now eight years ago, the popular writer of fiction was a man, the most probable of whose numerous romances was one

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in which the hero sold his shadow to a demon, over the dice-box; then married an unknown woman in a church-yard; afterwards wedded a river nymph; and having committed bigamy, finally stabbed himself, to enable his first wife to marry his own father. He and his works are quite obsolete; and the star of his genius, with those of many others, has paled before the superior brilliancy of that literary comet, Mr. Von Chronicle, our great historical novelist. von Chronicle is one of those writers who never would have existed had it not been for the Chevalier Scott: he is a wonderful copyist of that part of your countryman's works which is easy to copy, but without a spark of his genius. According to Von Chronicle, we have all, for a long time, been under a mistake, and your great author among us. We have ever considered that the first point to be studied in novel writing, is *character:* miserable error! It is *costume.* Variety of incident, novelty, and nice discrimination of character; interest of story, and all those points which we have hitherto looked upon

as necessary qualities of a fine novel; vanish before the superior attractions of variety of dresses, exquisite descriptions of the cloak of a signor, or the trunk-hose of a serving-man.

"Amuse yourself while you are at Reisenburg, by turning over some volumes which every one is reading; Von Chronicle's last great historical novel. The subject is a magnificent one—Rienzi—yet it is strange that the hero only appears in the first and the last scenes. You look astonished. Ah! I see you are not a great historical novelist. You forget the effect which is produced by the contrast of the costume of Master Nicholas, the notary in the quarter of the Jews, and that of Rienzi the tribune, in his robe of purple, at his coronation in the Capitol. Conceive the effect, the contrast. With that coronation, Von Chronicle's novel terminates; for, as he well observes, after that, what is there in the career of Rienzi which would afford matter for the novelist? Nothing! All that afterwards occurs is a mere contest of passions, and a de-

velopement of character; but where is a procession, a triumph, or a marriage?

"One of Von Chronicle's great characters in this novel is a Cardinal. It was only last night that I was fortunate enough to have the beauties of the work pointed out to me by the author himself. He entreated, and gained my permission, to read to me what he himself considered 'the great scene;' I settled myself in my chair, took out my handkerchief, and prepared my mind for the worst. While I was anticipating the terrors of a heroine, he introduced me to his Cardinal. Thirty pages were devoted to the description of the prelate's costume. Although clothed in purple, still, by a skilful adjustment of the drapery, Von Chronicle managed to bring in six other petticoats. I thought this beginning would never finish, but to my surprise, when he had got to the seventh petticoat, he shut his book, and leaning over the table, asked me what I thought of his 'great scene?' 'My friend,' said I, 'you are not only the greatest historical novelist that ever lived, but that ever will live.'"

"I shall certainly get Rienzi," said Vivian; "it seems to me to be an original work."

"Von Chronicle tells me that he looks upon it as his master-piece, and that it may be considered as the highest point of perfection to which his system of novel-writing can be carried. Not a single name is given in the work, down even to the rabble, for which he has not contemporary authority; but what he is particularly proud of, are his oaths. Nothing, he tells me, has cost him more trouble than the management of the swearing; and the Romans, you know, are a most profane nation. The great difficulty to be avoided, was using the ejaculations of two different ages. The ''sblood' of the sixteenth century, must not be confounded with the 'zounds' of the seventeeth. Enough of Von Chronicle! The most amusing thing," continued Mr. Sievers, "is to contrast this mode of writing works of fiction, with the prevalent and fashionable method of writing works of history. Contrast the 'Rienzi' of Von Chronicle, with the 'Haroun Al Raschid' of Ma-

dame Carolina. Here we write novels like history, and history like novels: all our facts are fancy, and all our imagination reality." So saying, Mr. Sievers rose, and wishing Vivian good night, quitted the room. He was one of those prudent geniuses who always leave off with a point.

Mr. Sievers had not left Vivian more than a minute, when the little Prince Maximilian came up, and bowed to him in a very condescending manner. Our hero, who had not yet had an opportunity of speaking with him, thanked him cordially for his handsome present, and asked him how he liked the Court.

"Oh delightful! I pass all my time with the Grand Duke and Madame:" and here the young apostate settled his military stock, and arranged the girdle of his sword. "Madame Carolina," continued he, "has commanded me to inform you, that she desires the pleasure of your attendance."

The summons was immediately obeyed, and

Vivian had the honour of a very long conversation with the interesting Consort of the Grand Duke. He was, for a considerable time, complimented by her enthusiastic panegyric of England; her original ideas of the character and genius of Lord Byron; her veneration for Sir Humphrey Davy, and her admiration of Sir Walter Scott. Not remiss was Vivian in paying, in his happiest manner, due compliments to the fair and royal authoress of the Court of Charlemagne. While she spoke his native tongue, he admired her accurate English; and while she professed to have derived her imperfect knowledge of his perfect language from a study of its best authors, she avowed her belief of the impossibility of ever speaking it correctly, without the assistance of a native. Conversation became more interesting. Madame Carolina lamented Vivian's indisposition, and fearing that he had not been properly attended, she insisted upon his seeing the Court physician. It was in vain he protested that he was quite well. She, convinced by his

looks, insisted upon sending Dr. von Spittergen to him the next morning.

When Vivian left the palace, he was not unmindful of an engagement to return there the next day, to give a first lesson in English pronunciation to Madame Carolina.

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END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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